The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week
OCTOBER 12, 1946
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

ROYAL FAMILY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723762

FOOD FOR FITNESS!

There's one thing young George and Granpa have in common — neither of them would miss his daily cup of Bournville Cocoa for worlds. For George there's all the attractiveness of that real chocolaty flavour . . . for Granpa there's extra warmth and satisfaction . . . for both there's *added food value.* For it is true that a cup of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa made with milk is more nourishing than a cup of milk alone. Make Bournville Cocoa a drink for all *your* family. Put it down on your next grocery order.

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723763

That Man is Here Again

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
8 OCT 1946
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By G. BRADSHAW and R. THOMSEN

SHE said firmly: "We're finished. He's no longer my captain. I'm no longer his sergeant." She moved about the empty office. This was getting to be a habit, this thinking out loud, talking to herself.

"Better be careful," she said. "Section Eight. That comes next."

She stopped by his desk and slowly ran her fingers around the edge of the large blotting pad. She looked across at the safe by the door, at the war map taped to the wall.

"Oh, dear," she said, "oh, dear." Then she shook her head. "No," she said, "no. A quick exit. That's the thing. No remarks. Just out—and fast."

But she didn't go. Instead she sat in his chair and took a piece of paper from the drawer. Methodically she put it in the typewriter. He'd be back in five minutes. Staff meetings broke up early and he had an appointment with the colonel at five.

"To: Captain Marsten," she typed. "From: Sergeant Wilson. Top Secret."

Under Remark I she wrote: "This is good-bye. I hope you can find everything you want. You know where the travel orders are and you have your keys. The new kid seems bright. I hope she is."

Under Remark II she wrote: "That's everything."

Under Remark III she wrote: "Almost everything. Only one thing more: I love you. I have ever since they ordered me to report to you in Africa. I love you, and being near you has meant more to me than anything else that ever happened. All the time this was going on, you—you just thought of me as a technical sergeant."

Under Remark IV she wrote: "No, wait a minute, please, captain. I don't want you to get this wrong. I'm not angry. Because you've made me happier than anybody has a right to be. Up to now it's been all right, because I was with you, seeing you, but now I'm going four thousand miles away and——"

Captain Thomas Marsten came into the office. Jerry rose and placed the paper face down on his desk, then she walked in a straight line to the door.

"Jerry——" he said, picking up the paper. Jerry closed the door behind her. "Sergeant," he called, and began to read. Later, when he reached the hallway, she was gone.

Back in Glen Falls, Michigan, things didn't go any too well. For one thing, her brothers kept calling her "sarge" and had a way of snapping to attention and saluting every time she came into a room.

And then her mother flew around so: she saw everybody—and called the rest on the phone—and told them her baby'd come back and that she was going to keep her right there with her until she'd forgotten all those awful things that happened overseas.

The mayor paid a call her second night back and seemed very upset to find her wearing a green print dress. He'd come to ask her to make a speech at city hall—but she should be wearing her uniform, of course. He couldn't see how he could introduce just Miss Jerry Wilson.

Altogether—after just five days of it—it seemed a good idea to take the midnight down to New York City.

There were a couple of shows and several spectacular parties with old chums.

Then one morning she went to Moe Devonshire's office.

"Moe," she said, "you've got no choice. You've got to give me back my job."

Moe Devonshire, Theatrical Agent and Play Broker, Ltd., looked up at her with his lazy, alert gaze.

"All right," he said, "all right. You're in here Monday morning at ten." He leaned back and put his head on one side. "Only I hope you haven't learned anything from this war. Audiences want just what they used to want. The only difference is now it's got to have ballet, too. And no pretty chorus babes. College-type girls. See?"

He handed her a pile of manuscripts. "You'll catch on," he said. "Chic Americana."

Jerry was a little confused.

But she read every script that came into the office and she was happy—well, she was busy, anyway. And getting back into an old routine is always a friendly thing. The scripts weren't really bad. They weren't any worse than they'd been three years ago, and the authors who took her to lunch weren't less attractive, but something was missing: the sense of excitement—the hope.

Shows opened early that season and some of them were hits, but the frightening thing, the thing she couldn't understand, was that it didn't seem to matter any more.

"Life has dealt me a knife in the back," she said to herself one afternoon, sitting under the drier at Henri's, "but I'll be brave."

"I'll stay away," said Tom, "only if you come with me."

"Of course," Henri said. He was the soul of understanding.

"The two greatest experiences that can come to a girl, war and love. And I get 'em both in the middle of my twenty-fifth year."

"Goodness."

"But what happens now? Where can I possibly go from here?"

Henri shook his head and busied himself with the drier.

"The case history of a career girl. Very sad," she said, and put down her movie magazine. "There I was in the big city, fighting to make my way. And I was doing all right, too, remember that. Independent. Nice clothes. Lots of laughs. And then my country calls. So what do I do?"

"You go."

She nodded. "I go. But nothing fancy, you understand. I put away my silver foxes and funny sayings; an enlisted Wac, that's baby. And I worked my way up and said 'sir' all the time, and finally I became a technical sergeant for a beautiful, arrogant captain of Public Relations." She looked straight ahead into the mirror. "Oh, I was efficient; don't get me wrong. But somehow feminine withal, you know."

"I know."

"I ran his shop, but I made him think he was doing it all. He strutted around, the whole wonderful, big cheese. And I said, 'Yes, sir.'"

Henri nodded again.

Please turn to page 12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723764

STARDUST

By . . .
E. S. CAMPBELL

MR. and MRS. DEXTER were sitting by the fire in their comfortable living-room after an excellent dinner. Mrs. Dexter, in a long black jersey dinner-dress, was knitting. Mr. Dexter, who had eaten extremely well, sat near her in his favorite chair.

There was a feeling of warmth and content in the room. The only sounds were the click of the needles, the crackle of the fire, the rustle of rain on the windows.

Occasionally Mr. Dexter sighed gustily. He was an attractive man of about thirty-eight, and at the moment he was wrestling with a particularly tricky crossword puzzle.

It was cosy, and Mrs. Dexter, looking around happily, thought: Isn't he a dear?

She noted with pleasure the firelight on the brass fender and the lamplight on a bowl of lavender chrysanthemums against the dove-grey walls. And then the radio began playing softly an old record of "Star Dust." Mrs. Dexter stopped knitting.

She didn't want to leave her lovely room even in memory. She didn't want to be twitched at by the voice of youth, when comfort and warmth were small measure against romance and glamor. She looked at Mr. Dexter and felt slightly guilty. She wasn't so much younger than he; why couldn't she put these childish reminiscences behind her?

What did she want that she didn't have right now? But she was powerless against the music and she remembered . . .

It had been a perfect summer, which she finished by going up to visit an uncle in Scotland. She was engaged to a young chemical engineer, and this had seemed to be her last chance for a glimpse of the land of her ancestors before she settled down.

Uncle John was the banker in a small resort town near Glasgow—Rothesay, billed as the Venice of the North.

All the houses were stone, grey and grim, or white-washed; there were little gardens in the front, and the esplanade, the pier, and the casino had the lure of a foreign land. The bank was right on the esplanade looking over the harbor, and above it in the bank-house she spent her most romantic week.

It was the week of the Rothesay Fair. Bank Holiday started it off with a night of fireworks, with trippers in rowing-boats in the bay and bands marching up and down the esplanade. She hung out of the window with her Uncle John, entranced by the weaving, dancing figures in the street.

In front of them stretched the curve of the harbor outlined in colored lanterns and rows of electric lights. The harbor was full of excursion steamers and boats of all kinds, from yachts and cabin cruisers to rowing-boats at a shilling an hour.

"Oh, let's go out, Uncle John!" she cried. "Let's go out in a boat."

"You'll see far better from here," he said, and just then the fireworks started—pink and green and yellow, whistling rockets that caught up an "Aaaah" from the crowds, and pinwheels and exploding stars.

It was a beautiful night and she always thought of that night of festival as setting the key to her week at sweet Rothesay Bay.

It was the next day that it happened. Uncle John brought one of the young men from the bank upstairs, and when she said, "Hello" shyly she handed over her heart.

He was a rather serious young man, recently down from Edinburgh University, not the type one would think of as a lady-killer, and certainly she had never felt this way about any man before. It was as if

The radio began playing, and Mrs. Dexter stopped to listen.

she were being introduced to the only person in the world and she was jolted into a realm of heightened awareness.

This is absurd, she thought; this is wrong. And she tried to remember her fiance's face, but it had faded from her memory. All she could see was the young man before her.

His accent enchanted her. At lunch he talked chiefly to her uncle after he had politely asked her how she liked Rothesay.

She was glad she didn't have to talk to him. She could look at his reddish hair, his clear-cut profile with the hawk-like nose and the deep-set green eyes. She could revel in his voice. She could see him in a kilt and a Balmoral bonnet, a skean-dhu in his sock. She could see him leading the clan in the highlands, a background of wild heather-covered hills, a swirl of mist . . .

Her reverie was shattered by his asking her if she would care to golf that afternoon.

The golf course was breath-taking, set steeply above the little grey-stone town.

Rothesay sits like a jewel in the Kyles of Bute, and the sea is a flaming blue with the hills twisting and folding on each other and plunging sharply to the water's edge. They are heather-covered where there aren't little white farms with green pastures and fields in tidy squares, like patchwork hedged in dark green.

After the sharp climb to the first tee, Sally turned and cried out: "Oh, it's beautiful! It's beautiful!"

He smiled at her. "Quite a contrast with the town, isn't it?"

"The sky is closer in Scotland," she murmured, breathing the sweet sea-scented air.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't know. Look at the shadow and sunlight on the hills. You don't see it like that anywhere else. The sky is part of the landscape."

They talked all the time they played. She played almost as well as he, and they swung along at a fairly quick stride over the springy turf. All her feeling of shyness had disappeared at being outdoors with him.

That whole week he had spent all his spare time with her.

They had bathed on the other side of the island, and walked to a farm for high tea. They had danced at the Casino and on the paddle-steamers of the Clyde. They were openly in love after two days and breathless for the rest of the week.

When they danced she felt his lips on her hair, against her brow.

And "Star Dust" was the song that summer. It was their song.

The day she left they took a walk on a path shaded by yew and holly high above the town overlooking the bay. It was raining one of those gentle silver Scotch mists that are scarcely rain.

He hadn't said anything about writing. Their whole week had been an exquisite approach to love. Nothing could be said without destroying something perfect, but how was she going to say good-bye? The sky, weeping, was her heart.

It was the only time he really kissed her. She remembered it as if it were yesterday; the dark green of the leaves, the silvery sky, and his face against hers, cool and hard. Then suddenly the warmth of his lips and a kiss that shook her unbelievably so that tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, Colin," she had sighed and felt the tears running down her cheeks . . .

The radio changed to another song and Mrs. Dexter was snapped out of her reverie. She looked up at Mr. Dexter and wondered if he too had a memory so sharply sweet.

She didn't think he had; men weren't so romantic; they put their pasts behind them. But she just had to find out. "What do you think about when you hear that song, dear?" she asked.

"What's that?" He stared at her rather vacantly, then he asked, "What's a six-letter word meaning 'hold'?"

"Clutch."

"Thanks. What did you say? That song? I don't know. Sounded like an awfully stupid thing. I didn't listen. You know I don't know one tune from another."

He stopped doing his puzzle and looked at her. Then he smiled.

"You're looking very pretty tonight, Sally," he said, and went back to the puzzle.

Mrs. Dexter smiled, too. His Scottish accent still fascinated her, even after all these years. And he still loved her as much as ever. It didn't really matter that he didn't know their song.

"Oh, Colin," she sighed, and she found herself laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks.

(Copyright)

Inserted by: H. W. BEVAN & CO. PTY. LTD. 181 Clarence Street, Sydney.

Representatives of: STEVENSON & SON LTD., Dungannon Co., Tyrone and Argyll Street, London, W.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723765

The Three Good Witnesses

He shook the young man, trying to rouse him from his heavy sleep.

By HAROLD LAMB

SOMEWHERE Humphrey Ward had read that the last thing you read at night sticks in your mind. Or it might be your subconscious mind. Either way, you keep thinking about it all night, and you never forget it. The statement made sense to him.

What he read last on that second night out of Istanbul on the Taurus Express was a small dog-eared volume entitled, "Customs of the Mediaeval Arabs," and Humphrey Ward had come to a line that said: "A man's guilt shall be established by the evidence of three independent and trustworthy witnesses."

"Why three?" he thought. "And only three?"

It didn't make sense at first, and when a thing didn't make sense Hump chewed at it until he got around to an answer. He liked to do the intelligence quizzes in the magazines. His average, carefully calculated, was 58.7, which was a little less than good. But the harder the quizzes were the better he liked them.

In this case he hit on an answer. Two witnesses to a crime might tell the same lie, or they might imagine they had seen something that never happened—by coincidence! But the odds against three people imagining the same thing were something like one in a thousand.

Satisfied that he had the right answer, he put the little volume down on top of one of his bags, and methodically checked the fastenings of his first-class compartment, number seven.

The slide catch was locked on the connecting door; the chain was caught across the corridor door.

This wagon-lit car was an ancient number—exactly the type he had known in France in '18, and just as crowded, although he was now leaving Turkey over twenty-five years later.

Humphrey Ward was sorry to be leaving Turkey. Over-age for war, Hump would have liked to get something done in Turkey. He had arrived there to aid the Turks to test-drill for oil, only to discover that Turkey had no oilfields—or so he had been told.

He would have liked to see a battlefront somewhere, instead of only the fine new airfields across Africa.

Even in Turkey, which everyone assured him was a hotbed of espionage, he had spotted not one Axis agent. He had dined on pilaf and Turkish coffee without having any Balkan undercover man breathing down his neck. He had visited numerous mosques without seeing one Viennese blonde drop a scented handkerchief across his path.

He had seen, in short, nothing of this enormous war . . .

Hump woke up suddenly with the feeling that he had something to do. It was a queer feeling, cold and bewildering, because he didn't know anything he had to do. Snapping on the reading-light he glanced at his wristlet watch, and found that it was ten minutes to five.

He felt as if he had to get off that train quickly.

"Not me," he assured himself drowsily. The cold made him cough. Outside he knew it was still snowing, and probably they were climbing the heights of the Bolkhar Dagh. The jerking of the car had disturbed him. Yet they wouldn't reach the frontier, the Syrian customs, for an hour or so. And George, the wagon-lit conductor, had his passport and statement of the money he carried.

Hump called the conductor "George" because he found the name, "Haig Kevorkian," hard to pronounce.

He felt the familiar bulges of his money-belt, checking with his fingers the wad of assorted foreign paper, the square of the express checks, and the fold of his letters of identification. They were all there. No one had been monkeying with his things—no one could have got into that first-class compartment.

Nevertheless, Hump felt as if the sergeant had been bawling: "All out!"

Mechanically, he pulled on his shoes and reached for his coat. Then he laughed. What he was doing didn't make sense. Because this wagon-lit car was so familiar he had been thinking about France when he went to sleep.

Awake now, he remembered who had to get up and leave the train at five o'clock: Tom Hatfield—the hard-boiled 26-year-old American pilot, once a parachute-tester and Panamerican flier, who hadn't seen his own country for five years.

Yes, Tom had to get off at five, at a place called Adana, to change to a plane that would take him swiftly to Cairo, because Tom, who came from Frankfort, Kentucky, was carrying dispatches from the American Embassy at Ankara to the U.S.F.I.M.E. at Cairo; and since Turkey was a neutral country he had to travel by Taurus Express to the frontier line, where he could board the plane waiting for him.

Tom had told Hump that over the bottles of beer in the wagon-restaurante the evening before—not saying much, except in answer to Hump's questions, and always keeping that locked briefcase under his arm or propped up against him, apparently not trusting Hump any more than the others on the train . . .

Wide awake now and dressed, Hump lit a cigarette and unhooked the chain from the door to go out to the corridor. It was still dark, with only a small light going at the end.

Down there the conductor's bed had been pulled down—the narrow wooden shelf. Only Mary the Deadhead was stretched out on the shelf instead of Kevorkian. She was lying on her sheepskin jacket, with Kevorkian's coat over her, and Hump thought she had been talking to Kevorkian, the conductor, when he came out.

"Very cold," he said by way of good-morning. They only stared at him, surprised.

The girl's thin face looked pinched and blue under the light. Tom called her Mary the Deadhead because her name was hard to pronounce. Also Mary had no place on this car; she slept on Kevorkian's makeshift bed; she sat around the corridor on the small push-down seats or in the dining-car, and she ate bread and cheese or kebabs at the stands when the Taurus Express stopped at a station.

Hump had offered her a seat on the couch in his compartment. But she said it was "avval mevki," first-class—although she was willing enough to sit in Tom's first-class compartment.

"It's hard to teach these Turkish girls to talk, mostly," Tom had explained. "But Mary knows some real American."

Tom seemed to learn a lot about Mary in those two days. According to him, she was only sixteen, and had been to school before the war at the American Farm School in Thessalonica, which Hump knew as Salonica. No, Mary wasn't Greek—she was Macedonian, and proud as they came, and trying to get to the United States to learn to be a real nurse.

"She has as much chance of that," Tom had elucidated, "as I have of getting into the Kremlin. She hasn't money, or an Egyptian visa, or transportation through the war zones."

How Tom got all that out of Mary, Hump did not know. Tom seemed somehow able to sense what these people were thinking, which Hump could not do. Then Mr. Chiniara had also explained Mary. Mr. Chiniara knew the answers, too—having explained how he had escaped from Greece in a caique only a week ago.

"It is that all wagon-lit passengers," Mr. Chiniara had explained in his excellent French, "on this express are of the refugees from the Axis."

Just then a light showed, blurred, in the hard-driving snow, and the Taurus Express jolted, as if changing pace. The old car creaked.

"Are we coming to Adana, George?" Hump called out.

The conductor, hunched up in his chocolate-tan uniform, only nodded. He looked weary. He looked like a sunburned brigand, or a banker, who did not like to be bothered. And then Hump stepped from the cold familiar corridor door into unknown darkness and complete uncertainty.

Remembering that it was Tom's station and that the courier had not put in an appearance, he knocked at the door of Number 10. When he tried the door it opened into darkness, and Hump wondered if Hatfield had left. When he switched on the light he saw the American lying on the bed.

"Hey, you—rise and shine!" he called with a grin.

Tom did not move. On the small table an alarm-clock ticked; Hump remembered that Tom had said he carried it to be sure of getting up.

Hump could not wake the boy. Snapping on the reading-light, he peered at Tom. He was breathing but shaking did not stir him. Then Hump noticed a streak of dried blood on the pillow; and when he felt the boy's head, a bit of blood came off on his fingers.

"I'll be—" said Hump, and sat down on the bed. After a second he closed the door. He had noticed then that the briefcase containing the dispatches was gone. Only Tom's clothes and a small open bag with shirts and a carton of cigarettes remained. Hump thought about that, while he was aware that the train had slowed and stopped.

As sure as shooting, he thought, Tom would have had that briefcase in bed with him. When Hump felt around the mattress, he turned up a .45 automatic with a clip of cartridges in it, and the safety-catch on—but no briefcase.

Whoever had taken the briefcase laid Tom out asleep. Whoever had come in from the corridor . . . Hump swore softly. He was certain that Tom would have locked the corridor door and hitched on the chain, just as he himself had done. But now it was open.

For a moment Hump figured on that, his hands feeling cold with excitement. When he tried the handle of the connecting door into the adjoining compartment he found it locked. But it just didn't make sense, anyone getting into a locked compartment unless he had a key.

He almost ran out to Mary at the end of the corridor, seeing that the train was starting again. Out the window he glimpsed soldiers in their long flapping greatcoats moving under a light, swinging their arms.

"Did you see anyone go into Number Ten?" he demanded of the girl. He pointed at Tom's compartment.

She shook her head, without saying anything. Kevorkian lurched in, like a bodyguard, standing over the Macedonian girl.

"Look," Hump snarled at him, "you have a key to the doors?"

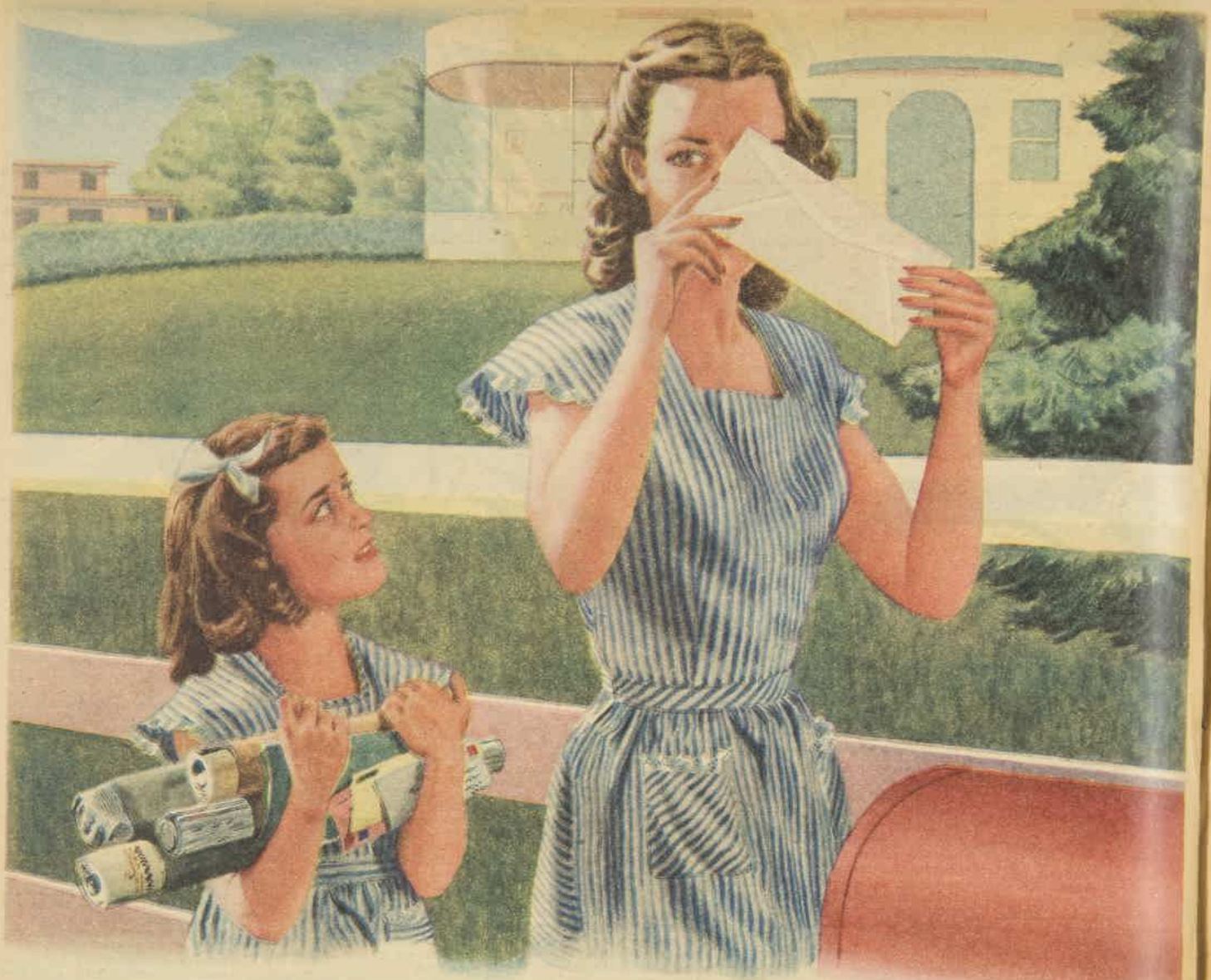
Kevorkian shook his head. The slide locks, and the chains, he explained, would not open to a key. He looked suspicious and angry.

No one else was moving in the corridor at that hour. After thinking for a minute, Hump went back to Number Ten. His mind raced now, without any clear idea. American dispatches had been stolen! Maybe something that meant a lot. And Hatfield was out—maybe with concussion, after that blow on the head.

Five years overseas—ninety parachute jumps—and now knocked out like this in a train! That train, to Hump, seemed to be hostile and secret, covering up the wrong done to Tom.

Please turn to page 17

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723766



Her name cannot be told . . .

Her identity must remain a mystery, but you may know that just as many thousands of others have done, she has discovered the secret of hygienic, economical protection . . . It's Modess! Modess has so many features. It's softer . . . safer . . . completely inconspicuous. Ask for Modess, available from all Chemists and stores.

Modess

Modess and Meds . . . Products of Johnson and Johnson . . . World's largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings.

SANITARY NAPKINS.. 1/3½ BOX OF 12

For those who prefer internal sanitary protection

Meds . . . the Modess Tampon . . . has been perfected by Johnson & Johnson for those women who want the new freedom that internal sanitary protection offers . . . Meds will give you perfect protection with comfort and economy . . . Try Meds!

Meds

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723767

MURDER'S SO PERMANENT

Our Intriguing Mystery Serial by

EDITH HOWIE

LINDA WARE, assistant librarian at the Edgewater Public Library, receives a staggering shock when, following various mysterious occurrences, the body of her friend JANET METCALFE is found in a dumb-waiter at the library.

Linda had just become engaged to ANDY HARCOURT, grandson of wealthy CHARLES HAYNES GARDNER, owner of the Gardner Machine Works, and since the murder she has been staying at the Gardner home. The family is hostile to her, however, as both Charles Gardner and his daughter-in-law, ELSA GARDNER, intend Andy to marry his cousin, GLORIA GARDNER.

LIEUTENANT WORRALL is in charge of the murder investigations, which are further complicated by a bomb outrage at the Gardner plant, killing BILL THOMAS, watchman. Linda herself is suspicious of IRVEN WAGNER, Elsa Gardner's son by a former marriage, with whom Janet was secretly in love.

After lunching with Andy in Mapleton, a remote suburb of Edgewater, Linda is startled to meet MARILYN FRANK, pert librarian, who disappeared after the discovery of the murder. Marilyn, however, refuses to talk in detail, and is picked up and driven away in a car.

Linda continues her story:

The big man lingered, eyeing Linda and her companion critically.

I STOOD there and watched the car disappear down the street. And felt like the fool I was. Here I'd had the girl the police and goodness knows who else were looking for fairly under my finger and I'd let her go.

Worse than that, I hadn't the slightest idea where she had gone nor why. She had said vaguely that she was "going east," but that covers a lot of territory. Nor did I know how she meant to go. Mapleton's a small place, but it has a depot; the train does go through there; so does the bus. A large terminal airport is only some four miles distant.

The car part of it could have been no more than a blind. There was no reason why the car couldn't have circled round, on obscure roads, and headed back to the airfield.

All of this went through my mind in a series of flashes, only to be blotted out by what appeared to me to be the blazing light of inspiration.

Andy had a car. It was only a few hundred feet away. It was a good car, an expensive one. It was big and fast. Andy was an excellent driver. There was no reason why we shouldn't follow Marilyn, find out where she went. It wasn't too late.

I began to run.

Andy was in the car all right. Waiting for me and glaring at his wrist-watch. When I arrived, breathless, he scowled and exploded.

"Lin, where on earth have you been? Having afternoon tea? Even if you're not interested in getting back, I am! I've still got a job, I hope!"

"Listen!" I said. "I just saw Marilyn—you know, Marilyn Frank. I talked to her. She knows something and she's running away. From Edgewater and the police. She's in a car—going that way." I waved.

"Oh, Andy, we've got to follow her! Turn the car round—hurry!"

Andy sat stolidly. "You're nuts!"

"I am not! I saw her, I tell you—talked to her. Then a car drove up and she—oh, hurry, can't you?" I was beside him now, shaking at his arm. "We can still catch them!"

But Andy was immovable. "How? What kind of a car was it?"

I discovered I didn't know. All cars looked alike to me. I said that it was black. I hadn't seen the numbers on the licence plates. Perhaps I should have, but I was inside the grocery and the car picked up speed too quickly. I thought there'd been a nine and a seven but—

"Oh, Andy, please! Let's hurry!" I pleaded.

"Nothing doing," Andy said flatly. "What's the good? What could we do? You wouldn't know the car if you saw it. You said it went that way. Well, look. Three miles down there's a highway intersection. You can go east or north or south. Whichever road we took, it'd be the wrong one."

"She said she was going east," I protested. But feebly.

"That's about what she'd tell you if she was going some place else." He looked at me now for the first time. "Honestly, Lin, I'd do it if there was a chance, but you see how it is. We wouldn't get anywhere. And I can't just go running round the country now. I've got to get back to the plant."

"Why?" I asked meanly. A calm of despair had settled over me. Andy was right. It was too late now. But I could still work off my bad temper. On him. "You haven't always been so crazy to get back!"

"Oh, well—Gloria. This notion of Grandfather's to have her shown the routine of the plant. With her buzzing round I've got to stay on deck—make a noise as though I was working."

I exploded then.

"Andy Harcourt, you make me tired! You've had two good years to get yourself in solid down there at the plant, and from what I've heard you haven't even lifted your finger. You've done just as little as you could do and keep your job. If you'd been anyone else but Charles Haynes Gardner's grandson! And now, just because your cousin's down there——"

"All right—all right! It's all true. So what?"

"So you're a fool! You had your chance and you've done your best to throw it away. But Gloria won't. She——"

"I hate the place!" Andy said. "Can I help that? I never wanted to go down there in the first place. You can't put your heart into something you hate. Just because my mother was a Gardner and because half of Grandfather's money'll come to me——"

"Perhaps it won't," I said maliciously. "Perhaps Gloria'll get it all."

He brooded on that, his face ugly. "She'd like that, too, the little——"

"Don't you see?" I said desperately. "Then Irven Wagner and his mother'll have it all their own way. You'll be left out. Oh, Andy! Don't you think it's about time to wake up?"

"Yeah," he said slowly. "I guess you're right." He took his foot off the clutch. The car jerked into motion.

"Wait!" Now that we were actually on the point of leaving I'd had a new idea. "There is one thing we can do. We can call Lieutenant Worrall and get the police after that car!"

"How?" But he put on the brakes. "You can't tell them anything definite. You don't know the kind of car nor its licence number. You don't even know where it was going. The police can't work on negative information."

Please turn to page 23

Still the Same High Quality

TOP DOG ☆

MEN'S & BOYS' WEAR

☆☆BREKS TROUSERS & SOVEREIGN HATS are also TOP DOG PRODUCTS

Charma

THE BRASSIERE FAMOUS FOR

UNDERLIFT

"Uplift" by "underlift" . . . that's the "Charma" secret. Faultless control that lasts as long as the brassiere lasts . . . permanent, built-in.

For matchless comfort, team your "Charma" with a

Lady Ruth PRACTICAL FRONT CORSET

6.6

RHEUMATIC PAIN FLIES

from feet, ankles, elbows and hands

Remarkable Testimony from Ex-sufferer

All over Australia men and women report the benefits they have received after using R.U.R. to counter the burning pains of rheumatism and similar troubles. Such a case, for example, is that of Mrs. M. E. Barnes, of 183 Blaxland Road, Ryde, who writes as follows, in joyful relief from pain:

"Just to let you know how I feel about R.U.R. Nearly four years ago I suffered very much with rheumatism in my feet, ankles, elbows and hands. I tried a few things that did not give any relief; I then got R.U.R. After taking one small and two large bottles, all the pain of rheumatism was gone, and I have not had a return of it, thanks to R.U.R. I often recommend it to people with rheumatism. You may use this letter as you think fit. Yours gratefully, (Sgd.) M. E. Barnes."

This is no isolated case. It is typical of the benefits R.U.R. can be depended on to bring.

If you suffer as did Mrs. Barnes, try R.U.R. yourself and you will quickly obtain the help she praises so highly.

R.U.R. keeps the blood and organic functions in first-class order. R.U.R. is an internal bath. It clears away the cause of rheumatic aches and joint pains, purifies the blood, tones up the liver and kidneys.

Take R.U.R. regularly for a while. Smaller size, 4/-; the money-back guaranteed full treatment, 7/6. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere

TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723768

Our glamor production is exceeding pre-war output! But we can't keep up with the rush now that glamor is back again.

Jantzen

SWIM SUITS • SUN CLOTHES

Obtainable only from retail stores

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723769

Elizabeth and Greek Prince are great friends

PRINCESS MARGARET visited the Children's Shelter in Edinburgh during her holiday in Scotland. The children were all given ice-creams for the special occasion.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA presented some of the prizes when she and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, attended Aldershot Horse Show. The Duchess and her daughter spent some time painting during their Scottish holiday.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, a recent portrait.

Despite denials, British public scents romance

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

In spite of a denial of Princess Elizabeth's engagement to Prince Philip of Greece, speculation on who will be the Prince Consort continues in diplomatic and social circles.

The Prince continued his stay at Balmoral Castle after the rumor of his betrothal to Princess Elizabeth had been denied, and English people, who take such a personal interest in their Royal romances, follow with interest the deepening friendship of these two young people.

THE 23-year-old Prince, who has long been a favorite of the Royal Family, has been a frequent visitor to Buckingham Palace and various other Royal residences.

He and the Princess enjoyed every moment of the glorious holiday in Scotland away from the formality of Court functions.

Prince Philip and Princess Elizabeth are very good friends, sharing in common a love of the theatre (the Prince did a great deal of amateur theatricals when at school at Elgin, Scotland), a love of dancing, and, particularly, a love of riding and outdoor life.

The Prince was Princess Elizabeth's constant companion on this holiday, and while Court circles deny an engagement, intimate friends feel confident that the friendship is deepening into something more lasting and romantic.

On the Princess' dressing-table is a recent snapshot of the young Prince, taken while holidaying at Balmoral.

Life at Balmoral was extremely simple, the Royal Family and their few guests having a real rest.

The King and Princess Elizabeth spent most of their days with the guns on the moors.

Both are early risers, and after a cup of hot coffee they would set out each morning from the castle without disturbing the rest of the party to indulge their real love in the field of sport—deer stalking.

The Princess was most anxious to add to her "bag" an eighteen pointer stag, and cheerfully tramped with the King over miles of hills, climbing terrifying paths, lying still for hours on end. An excellent rifle-shot, she brought down at least seven stags during the season.

The Queen and Princess Margaret like holidays in quite different ways. Neither cares for shooting or field sports.

The Queen enjoyed a gentle stroll through the countryside with her younger daughter, or they were out in the pony-cart, calling on various friends and acquaintances among the tenants and farmers in the neighborhood.

In the evenings at Balmoral there was Highland dancing to the skirl of the pipes, for Princess Elizabeth loves Scottish reels and hornpipes.

Prince Philip, who belonged to an amateur dramatic society when he was a schoolboy, and Princess Elizabeth, who has always had a remarkable flair for the stage, produced and staged several small plays.

Only a few miles away from Balmoral itself is another much smaller Royal house—Birkhall.

It was the Scottish home of the King and Queen for the first ten years of their married life, when King George V lent it to them annually, while he and Queen Mary were at Balmoral.

Now Birkhall has been lent by the King to the Duchess of Kent, who is in residence there with her three children.

Princess Margaret spent a lot of her time with her cousins, the young Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra, and Prince Michael.

The Duchess, who likes to pass her time in the open air sketching and painting, has done several sketches this summer of her children and one of Princess Margaret.

To the Duchess of Kent's great joy her daughter, Princess Alexandra, is already showing considerable promise as an artist.

Preparations for the Royal tour of South Africa next February are well under way. Whether the Royal Family will go on to Australia or not is still undecided.

But there are strong rumors that Princess Elizabeth is trying to persuade the King and Queen to include the Commonwealth in their tour.

In Surrey aircraft workers have nearly finished building the four great twin-engined Viking passenger aircraft which the Royal party will use in South Africa.

PRINCE PHILIP OF GREECE, whose betrothal to Princess Elizabeth has been rumored and denied, but who is one of her closest friends.

Air-Commodore E. H. ("Mouse") Fielden, captain of the King's Flight and personal pilot to His Majesty, is supervising this job, and will be in command of the flight throughout the tour.

Two of the machines are for the King and Queen, one for the members of their staff, and the other is a travelling workshop and maintenance unit.

The planes will fly out without passengers, as the Royal party is making the journey in H.M.S. Vanguard, the biggest battleship in the world, launched by Princess Elizabeth on the Clyde nearly two years ago.

The Royal party will fly from South Africa into Southern Rhodesia as well as making the return trip by air. Other long journeys will be made by plane.

As well as the four planes a luxurious Royal train, equipped with several novel devices, is being built in England for the South African railways for the Royal tour.

Full air-conditioning will be provided, and there will be complete inter-communication by automatic telephone and broadcast contact with the rest of the world.

The Royal train will comprise fourteen coaches, eight of which will be new. These will include three sleeping-car units of South African luxury blue train standard and five coaches to accommodate the King and Queen, the Princesses, the Royal household staff, and South African Government Ministers and staff.

The South African Government has also ordered six cars from Britain, and South African drivers have been specially picked to handle the cars and are at present undergoing a thorough training in their new job.

On board Vanguard dockyard workers are turning two Admirals' quarters into one to serve as dining-rooms for the Royal party.

Cabins which will be used by the King and Queen are being redecorated.

To save buying new furniture the King and Queen have chosen favorite pieces of furniture from the Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, to use in the battleship.

Accommodation is not easy aboard Vanguard, which will sail with almost a complete fighting crew and room has to be found for nearly 50 extra passengers.

The Royal visit to South Africa is bringing enormous trade to Britain.

Orders for morning clothes and uniforms, garden party frocks and evening dresses are pouring into London shops almost daily from South Africans who want to look their best when they meet the King and Queen. These orders are being given priority.

A 200ft.-square carpet is being made in Donegal to the South African Government's order.

Hundreds and hundreds of yards of damask and other furnishing materials are being specially woven for interior decoration.

This, too, has a priority so that South African hostesses may have their homes as perfect as they would wish when they entertain the King and Queen and the two Princesses.

OUR COVER

● *Our cover this week is the latest color photograph of the King and Queen and their daughters.*

It was taken during their summer stay at Windsor Castle.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723770

Editorial

OCTOBER 12, 1946

PARCELS FOR BRITAIN

FOR some months past there has been considerable anxiety about the non-delivery of food parcels sent by Australians to friends and relatives in Britain, and recent cables show that the position is not yet satisfactory.

The London "Times," for instance, has just stated roundly that the British Postmaster-General owes Australia and Britain a duty to order a searching inquiry into complaints that food parcels posted in Australia are not reaching their destinations.

The volume of complaint, says the "Times," is too great to be set aside.

Postal authorities both here and in Britain should treat this matter as urgent and be unremittingly zealous in ensuring that delivery is not only absolutely certain but also that it is made at the quickest rate possible.

It would be a tragedy if the sympathetic impulse to send food to Britain should die of frustration.

Letters of thanks reveal how desperately the British people need extra food to relieve the dismalness of the rationed fare they have eaten for seven years.

It is pathetic to read of the excitement that can be created in an English household by a couple of tins of jam and preserved fruit, some jelly crystals or boiled sweets.

And while the postal authorities are investigating complaints of non-delivery, they might also consider making some reduction in the postage rate on these gift parcels.

The charge is far too high and must limit the number sent by even the most willing givers.

How not to start a fire . . .

Ignorance and carelessness cause most outbreaks

Fire foolishness of householders is a continual headache for firemen.

"Ignorance of the general public concerning fire prevention in the home is only too often tragically matched by their panic at the smallest outbreak of fire," says Chief Officer of the N.S.W. Fire Brigades (Mr. W. Beare).

FIREMEN fighting the disastrous fire in a Sydney wool store recently—one of the worst fires in Sydney for many years.

"FOR every major city fire we fight, we are fighting hundreds of small household fires. These, with the employment of a little fire sense, could either have been prevented altogether or at least quickly and efficiently controlled," he says.

"Secret of fire prevention is good housekeeping and common sense. All fires have a cause, and the percentage of mechanical and physical failure in proportion to human carelessness is very small."

That the incidence of major fire tragedies in Australian homes is not higher is undoubtedly due to the efficiency of our fire brigades.

In talks with the fire chief and his firemen, our representative learned the main Do's and Don'ts concerning fires.

Here they are, together with some sound fire advice which every fire-conscious citizen should heed.

OUTLAW petrol for dry-cleaning inside or outside the house, and use a non-inflammable liquid such as carbon-tetra-chloride.

"Girls who dry-clean with petrol close to gas-heaters, naked lights, or faulty electrical switches are asking for trouble," the fire chief said.

"Even dry-cleaning with petrol outside the house is dangerous. 'Static electricity' generated by the rubbing of two insulated bodies—say silk immersed in petrol and contained in a porcelain basin—can under certain conditions result in a spark which will ignite the petrol."

DON'T hang loose curtains in kitchenettes where the gas stove is close to the window. The curtains may blow across an open jet.

If electrical appliances catch fire, turn off current, extinguish with water, or smother with blanket.

NEVER throw water on a fat pan which has caught alight, and NEVER throw the pan haphazardly outside.

Extinguish fire by covering with a saucepan lid, or if pan must be taken outside walk backwards with it away from any breeze and place it in an open space.

DON'T leave food cooking in stove when you go out, and DOUBLE CHECK on leaving whether you have turned off radiator, iron, toaster.

Keep radiators well out of reach of floor-length curtains, bedspreads. Be doubly wary of the radiator when wearing dressing-gown or flowing evening frocks.

If your clothing catches fire DON'T run around or try to beat out the flames standing up. Smother the flames by rolling on the floor or wrap yourself in a blanket or rug.

DON'T have that last cigarette in bed. It's one of the most common causes of fire. Apart from accidental burning of sheets, eiderdowns, blankets while awake, the danger of falling asleep and becoming part of the fire is very real.

DON'T leave your household mop, saturated with linseed oil, in a small cupboard.

Linseed oil dries by absorption of oxygen—oxidation—which produces heat. In a small cupboard there is no circulation of air to dissipate this heat, with the result that the oxidation increases and the mop may eventually take fire.

And the old adage, "Don't look for a leak in the gas-pipe with a lighted match," still stands.

Before entering a gas-filled room, turn the gas off at the main. Then open the windows—break them if necessary—from the outside and make sure the room is ventilated before entering.

Defective electrical installations are the cause of many fires. Electric wires of radios, radiators, etc., which are turned off on the instrument, but left on at the switch, are a source of fire danger.

Check fire-escapes

A SHORT can occur and, if under a carpet or near a curtain, a serious fire can be caused. Greatest care should be taken to see that all electrical equipment is in perfect order.

People living in flats would be well advised to check up on the exact locality of their fire-escapes.

"Although modern fire regulations make it practically impossible for a person to be trapped in a burning building, panic and ignorance of means of exit can cause disaster," the fire chief added.

If burning bottom floors cut off your exit from a burning block of flats, try to make for the roof.

If trapped in your room in a corridor fire, keep your door shut, open the windows (top down, bottom up) to allow smoke out and fresh air in.

To parents, firemen issue this warning:

"Don't, no matter how safe you think it may be, leave your children alone in the house or flat for even a few hours, or rely on nearby neighbors to look out for them."

An even more criminal practice on the part of pleasure-bound parents, according to firemen, is to leave the children allegedly safe in bed and then lock the door.

"Tragic results of this practice have been only too often demonstrated," say the firemen.

Recent bushfires and grass fires in N.S.W. emphasise the importance of observing the regulations concerning outdoor fires. Lighted cigarette butts should NOT be thrown away carelessly out of doors.

Fire-fighting since 1900 when he joined the force as a 15-year-old cadet, Chief Officer Beare in his silver helmet is always on the scene of a big fire, directing operations.

When he isn't at a fire, he's busy with administrative work in an office, where the walls are enlivened with pictures of spectacular fires, and one rather striking study of famous old fire-horse Britton.

He enthusiastically discusses New South Wales' present-day mechanised force of 350 motor fire appliances, turntable ladders costing £9000 each, asbestos suits, gas-masks, chemical and foam extinguishers, and a personnel of 1030 permanent officers and firemen, 1826 volunteer firemen, 1080 reserve firemen.

Like their chief, gladiator helmeted firemen of headquarters have one pet aversion—the odd, wondering individual who sooner or later pops the query, "But what do you do when you're not fighting fires?"

In a fireman's 56-hour week of day and night shifts, fighting fires can take up a very minor part of his time.

The rest of his time is taken up with station duties, domestic services to the public, or chasing false fire alarms.

Some offenders just can't resist the urge to bring out the brigades in a scream of sirens and flash of golden helmets. Others use the report as a neat ruse to break up a boisterous party in a nearby dwelling.

In the line of his handyman services, a fireman may find himself releasing someone locked in a building, rescuing cats or cockatoos from trees and electric light poles, turning off taps that have been left running, pumping floodwaters out of basements, spreading sheets over leaky roofs.

In the course of his active fire duty, the fireman is also an amateur detective. He is trained to detect arson and report any suspicious signs of it to the police.

Interesting People

MR. S. H. WOOD, C.B., M.C., B.Sc.

. . . education and walking

DISTINGUISHED looking, with quiet, charming manner, Mr. S. H. Wood is here for New Education Conference being held in various capital cities, as official representative of British Ministry of Education. Secretary of McNair Committee on Training of Teachers and Youth Leaders, England, he is devoted to question of youth leadership. His great hobby is walking. Says: "I may be in my 63rd year; but I still enjoy my 20-mile walks."

MISS RITA CHILTON

. . . happier nurses

SLOGAN of Rita Chilton, personnel officer to nursing staff of Fairfield Infectious Diseases Hospital, Melbourne, is "to make nurses' leisure hours happier." In planning arts and crafts room, musical recitals, plays, concerts, parties for nurses and their friends, hairdressing facilities, tennis, basketball. Is well equipped for welfare work. Joined V.A.D., 1942, served in New Guinea. Transferred to Y.W.C.A., was welfare officer at Darwin.

CHARLES "AG" ZWAR

. . . London success

MUSICAL genius behind London's new musical revue "Sweetest and Lowest," described by "The Tatler" as "the gayest, brightest, and most satirical show," is former Melbourne lawyer Charles "Ag" Zwar. Before "Ag" went to London ten years ago he achieved local fame composing music for Melbourne University revues; professionally produced for J.C.W.'s "Blue Mountain Melody," written in collaboration with Jim Bancks. Was one of pioneers of London's Gate Theatre, famous for Sunday night plays with famous actors.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723771

Noted conductor found success in own country

Bernard Heinze to tour Canada after long service to Australian music

By BETTY WILKINSON

One of the few Australians who have achieved an international reputation in music almost entirely through their work in this country is Bernard Heinze, noted conductor and Ormond Professor of Music at Melbourne University. He was born at Shepparton, Victoria.

At the end of the year he will visit Canada on a four months' guest tour.

DURING the war, when guest conductors could not come from abroad, he worked without respite to keep orchestral music alive here, often exhausting himself and risking his health to keep faith by conducting at scheduled concerts.

He travelled approximately 200,000 miles by train, often going almost straight to rehearsals from the station. In 1944, when sleeping-cars were taken off, he travelled 40,000 miles sitting up all night.

He conducted nearly 500 concerts with the Australian Broadcasting Commission's orchestras in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane in the six years.

Although oversea conductors are coming here again, his work is still exacting, and he still spends much of his time away from home.

Being away from home is hard for him, as his marriage is an ideally happy one, and he is devoted to his two young sons.

Music was directly responsible for the meeting of Bernard Heinze and his wife.

As conductor of the Melbourne University Symphony Orchestra he founded the first of the ladies' committees, which have since been organised by the Australian Broadcasting Commission and have done as much to build up orchestral audiences all over Australia.

At one of these committee meetings in 1928 Mrs. Herbert Brookes introduced him to Valerie Hennessy, daughter of Sir David and Lady Hennessy. He married her in 1932.

"I fell in love with her on sight. And, just think, had there been no ladies' committee I'd have missed Valerie," he said.

Slim, charming, unassuming Valerie Heinze has found time in her already busy life to be Melbourne's Lady Mayoress, and recently accepted the office for a second term.

The Lord Mayor, Cr. Raymond Connelly, is a widower and a brother-in-law of Mrs. Heinze, who consented to be Lady Mayoress from a feeling of loyalty to her late sister.

Breeds irises

IN 1932 the Heinzes set up housekeeping in a delightful home in the Melbourne University grounds, an early Victorian two-storied brick house with gabled roof and spacious rooms set in a beautiful garden.

Gardening soon became one of the professor's main hobbies. Dearest to his heart is the breeding of new irises. He has evolved about 20 new types.

"It is a slow, fascinating business," he said. "You cross the seed, then wait three years for the result. It may be a thing of incredible beauty, or just something most disappointing, of a revolting color."

Anyone who happens to be in the Heinze home as the hour strikes will hear music all about him, for the professor collects clocks.

He has 29, and 14 of them are grandfathers, which chime the hour in various ways.

One is a huntsman clock which starts with the hunting horn, goes through the whole noise of the hunt, ending "in a regular racket," according to its owner.

Both the professor's sons, twelve-year-old Julian and nine-year-old Adrian, have an impeccable ear for music. But their father does not think either will be a professional musician.

DRAMATIC MOMENT. Prof. Heinze, conducting at an orchestral concert, looks toward the violins during a fortissimo passage.

SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS for members of the audience after a young people's orchestral concert.

The knowledge of children he has gained from his own boys has helped Professor Heinze enormously in his great work as conductor of young people's concerts.

The first Young People's Concert was held in 1923, and was sponsored by the Melbourne University finance committee. It was attended by 2500 enthusiastic youngsters at the Melbourne Town Hall.

The beginning was very modest, one or two concerts a year; but after the Australian Broadcasting Commission took over the financial responsibility, in 1933, the scheme grew out of all bounds.

Now in Melbourne and Sydney alone 60,000 children attend these concerts each year.

It is a great delight to sit through one and see the intelligent listening of the children, their eager, quick response to the conductor's quips.

And afterwards in the artists' room this man who has such a perfect way with children sits as they throng around him, and signs their programmes, usually on the item they have enjoyed most.

He gets about 12,000 letters a year from these young fans.

"And not one of them has ever gone unanswered" he said. "For I cannot imagine anything more disappointing to a child, after having ventured to write such a letter, than receiving no recognition of it.

"The majority of the letters are not just written for the sake of an autograph or to achieve notice. They are intelligent criticisms—sometimes of the music, sometimes of the conductor, and sometimes even of the composer."

It is strange that early in life Professor Heinze turned his back on music and decided to make soldiering his permanent career.

His change of heart from music to a military career took place towards the end of the 1914-18 War, when, after years with an artillery unit, he felt he had drifted far from music.

By 1918 he had joined the regular British Army and was sent to Gibraltar as aide-de-camp to the Governor.

CLOCKS AND GARDENING are two of Professor Heinze's hobbies. He picks camellias (above) for his wife. Above left, Mrs. Heinze and their two sons, Julian, 12, and Adrian, 9, near one of the professor's 29 clocks.

But his first love won him back. He became bored with the routine of a soldier's life in peacetime.

Remembering he had an unexpired scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London, where he was studying the violin when he enlisted in 1914, he went back to England to seek demobilisation.

"But I shall never cease to be glad of the opportunity of experiencing the discipline of Army life, and the friendship that men can learn only in battle," said Professor Heinze.

"Any quality of leadership I may have was stimulated beyond all recognition by English Army training."

In 1923 Bernard Heinze had to make a momentous decision.

He was offered the concert mastership of the Dresden Orchestra, and at the same time came a request to come back to Australia as adjudicator at the Ballarat Eisteddfod.

"Affection, loyalty, and early association drew me strongly to Ballarat. As a child the eisteddfod had a tremendous effect on me.

Fun for all

IN those days the eisteddfod was a five weeks' music festival.

"Great visiting musicians were adjudicators and gave concerts, and there were fireworks. Everyone, young and old, was amused.

"My mother, who was herself a fine singer well known as Minnie Greenwell, had determined I was to have a musical career, although father was more keen on the idea of my becoming a banker.

"However, mother persisted, and at nine years old I gave my first concert as violin soloist at the Melbourne Town Hall.

"I hated having to practise my scales and arpeggios while all my friends were enjoying cricket in a nearby field, or else poking faces at me through the window.

"I practically gave up; but mother was firm, and then, when I was 12, along came the influence of the eisteddfod to revive my flagging interest."

By one of those strange quirks of circumstance that so often change a man's life, just when the young musician was hesitating between the Dresden Orchestra and the Ballarat Eisteddfod, there came a pathetic letter from his mother, reminding him that for 14 long years she had not seen him, and begging him not to refuse, if the chance came, to return to Australia.

So the die was cast.

Bernard Heinze came back to his own country to make his name as a fine musician, and to render Australia immense service.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723772

WORTH Reporting

OUR old tortoise-shell cat has an apprehensive look in his eye since we read out to him a cable from our New York representative.

The cable was an account of a Press interview with New York's top flight milliner, Lilly Dache, who called the girls together to give them the news about her visit to Paris.

According to Lilly, many Frenchwomen are wearing a live cat round their necks instead of a fur. They wear cats because they can't afford the tiny stuffed mink or ermine that are the rage at present, and they wear them alive no doubt because they have kind hearts.

Our tortoise-shell says that personally he would not go to a cocktail party dead or alive, even if they provided milk as well as martinis, and that, furthermore, he thinks the whole idea is just a gag for getting rid of unwanted cats.

Tea with the Gowries

MR. Donald McFadden, an Englishman, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, sent us a story from London the other day, which he felt would interest Australians.

Five years ago during heavy fighting in the Western Desert a silk handkerchief fluttered into the slit trench of Rifleman Donald McFadden.

Animal Antics

"Gosh! It's my address!"

The handkerchief belonged to one of his officers, the late Major Pat Hore-Ruthven, son of Lord and Lady Gowrie.

McFadden placed the handkerchief in his haversack and there it remained for five years. A few weeks ago he was looking through his desert souvenirs and came across the handkerchief.

So he sent it to Windsor Castle, where Lord Gowrie, former Governor-General of Australia, is now Deputy Constable.

Lord and Lady Gowrie invited the McFaddens to afternoon tea at their home, the Norman Tower of Windsor Castle, showed them around the historic building, and introduced them to the two young sons of the late Major Hore-Ruthven.

The younger boy, who is four, has as a pet a jerboa, a desert rat, which was the mascot of his father's old division, the 7th Armored Division of the British Army.

Furniture in pieces

FURNITURE by post is one of the features of Stockholm's biggest department store. The items are packed flat in sections in stout cartons, and the necessary screws and bolts for assembling enclosed. Mrs E. Donaldson, advertising manager of David Jones', Sydney, mentioned this in a recent letter from the Continent, where she has been on tour.

An exhibition of this ready-to-assemble furniture was planned for England, she said, if the financial obstacles between the two countries could be overcome.

Wot, no deduction?

A message from Rio de Janeiro states that under the new Brazilian constitution, journalists in Brazil will not be taxed.

I CANNOT expect you to care, dear reader,
I cannot expect you to care.
But it sounds to me such an entrancing idea
To live without tax in Rio de Janeir-
O, I'd pack up and go if I had but the fare,
But I cannot expect you, dear reader, to care,
I could not expect you to care.
—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Remembered benefactors

LAST month we had an article about Mr. John Radecki, an 81-year-old artist in stained glass. He told us how he came to Australia as a boy with his father from Poland back in the 'eighties, and worked for a while on the South Coast of New South Wales before he joined the firm of Ashwin and Co., makers of stained glass.

The story brought us a letter from Mrs. R. Higman, of Lannock, via Coolamon, who tells us that in the Presbyterian Church at Wollongong there is a stained-glass window given by Mr. Radecki in memory of Mrs. Higman's grandfather, William James, and his wife.

About eight years ago Mr. Radecki approached Mrs. Higman's father, asking permission to erect this window. It was a surprise to the descendants of William James, who did not even know the reason.

When as a young boy Mr. Radecki was on the South Coast with his father, looking for work, they were given shelter by the James' and assisted till they got on their feet.

John Radecki never forgot it, and when the new church was built at Wollongong more than 50 years ago he gave to it a window depicting the Good Samaritan, and bearing the inscription: "In grateful memory of William James, of Shellharbor, and his wife Elizabeth, who befriended the artist and his father."

* * *

AT Croydon, England, local authorities formed a club for lonely old-age pensioners. The club was such a success that five couples decided to marry. Now there's a new problem—housing the newlyweds.

Art of selling

A WINDOW of lush fruits and fresh vegetables in a Melbourne lane caught the eyes of passers-by for a second and third glance the other lunch hour.

Phonetically spelt fruits and vegetables splashed across the plate-glass window in white lettering was the reason, particularly "kollyflours and sparrowgrass at two bob bundel."

A kindly, pedantic colleague felt the challenge, went into the shop with the excuse of buying a pound of apples.

Proffering his eightpence he whispered, "Excuse me, but don't you think it would be better not to have that lettering out in front—most of the words are incorrectly spelt."

Grinning broadly, the Latin shook his head and confided, "No, no . . . the bad spell . . . eet it good for the biz."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"I'll bet my merit badges I can tell you who did it."

That Man Is Here Again

JERRY paused. "Here's the twist, the proper surprise ending: it turns out that I like it that way, see?"

"Oh——" He stopped. "And your lovely officer?"

"Just goes on strutting and never notices anything."

Henri couldn't answer.

"Now I come back to Forty-fifth Street," she said, " and Moe Devonshire, Limited."

That's what she told herself—and Henri. She could see the long years stretching ahead. She'd go on, of course, hard and wise. She'd forget. She'd bury the very thought of him in work. She'd be rich and successful. That's what she said, but then it happened.

"Hello, Jerry," he said.

"Hello, Captain Marsten."

"I heard you worked here."

"Yes. Yes, sir. I do," and she stood up behind her desk.

"It's been a long time."

"It's been six months." Oh, this was snappy dialogue, this was. She'd have to say something, but she had such a feeling in her stomach and she wasn't sure about her hands; they kept shaking so. "Well, sit down, have a cigarette, tell me everything—like what, for instance, you're doing in these civilian rompers."

It was the old story, he said. He was freed suddenly. Then a farmhouse in Connecticut for a couple of months and a chance to do what he'd always said he wanted to do. "I wrote that play." He said he didn't know many people around Broadway and he asked her if she'd have a look at it.

"Sure," she said; and, what was more, she'd call him about it in the morning.

But just before he left she couldn't resist; she had to say it:

"I've got over my combat fatigue," she said. "I'm a perfectly normal girl again now, Captain Marsten."

"You are?" he said, and then, after a moment in which he could think of nothing worth saying, he turned and walked self-consciously out of her office.

There was no possible way for Jerry Wilson to judge that script. What is Beatrice supposed to have said when Dante tossed her his Divine Comedy and asked her to take a look at it?

She started it in the taxi on her way home and finished it before she ate. It was the only play she'd ever read about the war that made a grain of sense, and on top of that it was magnificent.

But she knew, when she stopped to think, exactly what the producers would say. It was delicate, original, daring, and there wasn't a cent in it. But nothing was going to stop her. This was it. She moved right in.

She knew, of course, how each producer in town would handle it, if he got the chance. And "An Act of God"—that was its title—needed a very special touch. She went over and over the list of available directors and finally settled on one, Nelson Whitcomb, a male boy. He'd cleared over half a million on a little four-character comedy the season before, and now he was looking for art. She knew how to handle Nellie Whitcomb.

Up to a point she was right about this.

He read it — or said he did; Jerry sometimes wondered about producers and reading. He made out a cheque for a handsome advance and got right to work proposing a cast full of stars. There was no nonsense about rewriting, either, and he guaranteed them three weeks out of town before the New York opening. A small theatre was agreed upon, and there was no quibbling anywhere. Everything went smoothly.

Continued from page 3

Everything, that is, except the private relations of agent and playwright.

Jerry, conditioned now by six months of civilian discipline and her avowed determination for independence, no longer felt the onus of the stripes on her arm. In the Army everyone presumed the captain knew more than the sergeant, but now, when it was grey flannel versus silver foxes, the lady called a spade a stupid idea.

The whole situation was, of course, a very natural one; sergeants being notoriously competent and, without the Articles of War to restrain them, susceptible of taking over anything anywhere. But this happy circumstance was confused by the fact that day after day, at every casual contact, Jerry realised she was more and more awfully in love with Tom.

Further, she could not know—since love builds that high, thick wall which prevents people's observing even the most obvious things about each other—what was going on in Tom's mind.

She could not know that behind the brash, pleasant, at times almost uninterested exterior Tom was rather afraid of her. He had never let her know that he had been embarrassedly aware for a long time that she was his rod, his staff, his comforter, that she had covered his mistakes, initiated his policies and altogether made him look good in there.

Nor, most important, did she know what honorable intentions she had brought forth in him.

Then, too, relations were heavily complicated by the fact that Jerry had broken a very well-established taboo in declaring her passion. Now Tom, feeling half a heel, half a fool, hid like a coward behind a cold front of indifference, boastfulness, and the security of good looks.

"What will it be like," he said one day, "to see my name in lights?"

"That you will never know," Jerry said, and immediately regretted her tone. "Let's just be happy if it stays painted on the house boards for a couple of weeks."

Rehearsals advanced and this breach grew wider and wider. The strange backstage world was her land; she had an easy authority, and the ex-captain could find no comfortable niche among all the professional alien corn.

But if love doesn't give any peace, neither does the production of a play. Without a doubt "An Act of God" was the most complicated technical show anyone ever thought up.

When Jerry first looked at the electrician's chart something inside her died. It would have taken the combined switchboards of the Metropolitan Opera and Radio City to make all the lighting changes Tom had suggested. And where could they find anyone to handle the job? In this particular season every able-bodied kilowatt kid under ninety was engaged with either the Theatre Guild or the Army discharge system.

However, lighting was only one detail, and seeing to the others filled every second from the drugstore cup of coffee at 9 a.m. to the room-service cornflakes at 2 a.m. And finally, in the last week of rehearsal, little ideas for direction and bits of color for the peasant costumes began to work their way into her sleep.

On the trip to Baltimore Jerry pulled out her typewriter and started in on a publicity story. It was to be a brief account of how the idea for the play first came to her client—but somewhere halfway between Trenton and North Philadelphia she became utterly lost:

Oran—Algiers—the mimosa trees round St. Georges. The messages he wrote at A.F.H.Q. and the notes he dictated in the jeep as they darted along between Arab carts.

The cold winter nights when they worked late in the schoolroom office with the funny oilstove. And the night the Germans came over. The sick loud moans of the sirens. The hush. And then the sirens again. The sounds of the natives scurrying to their abris, then their own sudden decision to go on the roof to watch.

The sad undertones of the limeys singing in their sergeants' mess and the French gendarmes whistling in the street below. The ghostlike natives in their long white sheets huddling in shadows, and the two drunken G.Is arguing about Texas.

The things he said beneath the stars as the three lonely planes appeared and headed for the harbor and the ack-acks sent up their sharp display and the thick smoke from the pots rolled over the city . . .

Baltimore.

The opening at Ford's Theatre was quite gratifying. Unfortunately, the notices in the papers the next morning were not. Tom's style confused the reviewers, and they said as much.

"Oh, they're polite enough," Nellie said, "and they do seem to like the idea of a veteran trying to write a play."

"So what are you going to do?" Jerry was standing with Nelson Whitcomb in front of the box office alone the next morning.

"I'm not sorry I did it. I believed in it. So did you. It was a good try, Jerry. We can cancel the next date very easily and close here on Saturday night. Everything is still perfectly dignified."

"Folding a show in Baltimore is just a touch too dignified, Nellie. Look, he can fix this. I know he can. It's just mixed, that's all. The stuff is still there."

"Now, Jerry, please——"

"Look, what can you lose? Remember, Nellie, they had a bad time with 'Hamlet' on the road. What you have to bear in mind is—art comes expensive at first."

"Yes."

It took Jerry less time than she expected to convince Nellie that Washington, at least, was a sensible date, but then she had to hang round for a polite interval to pep up the cast before she dashed in a taxi to Tom's hotel. But the interval, it appeared, had been long enough. The desk clerk handed her a note.

"Dear Sergeant," it read, "I guess we've had it. Thank you for everything. I've really learned a lot. I only regret that I gave you a headache. It won't happen again. And that's a promise. Forget it, kid, and good luck." There was a short P.S.: "The next time they give a war I want you to know I'll be waiting for you in the Casbah." It was signed Pepe LaMoko Marsten.

She stood for a moment. Those words were never written, she said. This cannot be happening to me.

"Mr. Marsten checked out round noon," the desk clerk said.

"When is your next plane to New York, and can you get me on it?"

"I don't think he went that way, ma'am," the clerk told her.

"Then get me the theatre. Mr. Nelson Whitcomb."

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, she said while she was waiting for the connection. You don't do this to a girl. No, you don't. This was no ordinary play; and suddenly, standing with the phone in her hand, she knew why. Putting those words on a stage had created a pattern. That gave meaning and reason to those months in Algiers.

"Hello," Nellie answered.

"Hello, hello, Nellie. Everything's going to be all right. He's started with the changes, and they're beauts. You'll love them. Call everybody for rehearsal to-morrow night after the performance and we'll have a new first act to kill you. And Nellie——"

"Yes?"

"I wouldn't disturb Tom if I were you. You know about authors and the creative mood."

Nellie knew. Nobody would disturb Tom.

And Jerry took off from Baltimore for a short trip to New York, saying over and over to herself, "Just as long as I can find it."

Somewhere in an old bag in the back of her cupboard—surely her memory wasn't failing her—somewhere lay that dog-eared black book. If she could just read those shorthand notes—all those things he had said to her about the war and history, what he thought of the Army, all those curious ideas he had propounded to her late in the African night.

Please turn to page 17

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723773

NOTABLE WEDDING. Dr. Keith Gollan and his lovely young bride, formerly Judy Playfair, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Judy is second daughter of the Strath Playfairs, of Edgecliff.

THREE PRETTY GIRLS. Attendants at the Gollan-Playfair wedding were Judy's three sisters, Eve (Mrs. Alec MacLeod), with bridegroom's brother, Bruce; Wendy, with Jock Finlay; and Sue, with Bruce Laing, walk down the steps of St. Marks.

Getting Married

SEPTEMBER and October seem to be replacing old favorite month of June with brides, and lots of our pretty young lasses choose Spring weeks to say "I do." Hear of weddings from near and far and strains of wedding march continually in my ears. Hence all our pictures this week illustrate "getting married" theme. Cable from America tells me of wedding of well-known Australian cricketer Keith Miller, who marries Margaret Wagner at Trinity Episcopal Church, Canton, in Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

WED AT ST. MARK'S. Brian Ottoway Bowell and his charming bride, formerly Marie-Louise Stuart Doyle, snapped after their wedding at Darling Point. Marie-Louise is only daughter of the late Mr. Stuart F. Doyle and of Mrs. Stuart Doyle, of Wahroonga.

DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Des O'Shea and his bride, formerly Shirley McAllister, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McAllister, of Bondi, leave Sacred Heart Church, Randwick, after their marriage.

Couple have brief honeymoon at Nantucket, popular island resort off coast of Massachusetts, before leaving for Australia where they will make their home in Melbourne. Keith and Margaret met nearly four years ago when Keith was on furlough during training with R.A.A.F. in Canada.

Keith hopes to return to Australia in time to be picked to play for Australia against the visiting English Test team.

• • •

VERY thrilled with news from her mother-in-law in England is Mrs. Tom Symons, formerly Margot Leigh, who hears from Mrs. A. H. Symons, of Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland, that top tier of cake which Margot's husband took back to England has been cut up and boxed and sent to all their friends in Scotland and England.

Margot also very pleased with news that Mrs. Symons is sending out all household linen for them, as Tom returns to Australia to finish architectural course at Sydney University.

• • •

ENGLISH bride-to-be Molly Black, daughter of the late Rev. Black and of Mrs. M. J. Black, of Belfast, Northern Ireland, has her wedding gown carefully packed in her luggage when she arrives in Sydney by Stirling Castle.

She is met by fiance Derek Donecker, and their marriage will take place at Presbyterian Church, Manly, on October 19.

Youthful couple met in Southampton, where Derek was attached to R.A.F. embarkation unit, and Molly had very hush-hush job with British Ministry of Information.

FELLOW physiotherapy students attend coming-of-age dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Buckingham for their daughter Anne at the Avondale Golf Club. Anne wears blue crepe frock which has flowing skirt of unpressed pleats, and pretty bodice trimmed with opalescent sequins and pastel beads.

Lasses who studied with Anne at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Mrs Shane Watson, Sheila Adams, Gwen Stock, Betty Lammers, and Elizabeth Hook, of Gloucester, included among 90 guests.

• • •

"FALLEN in love with Dan McAlpine. Forgive. Quentin." is wording of cable sent by Mrs. Chips Rafferty to her husband in London after opening of "The Overlanders" —the Australian film in which Chips takes the role of Dan McAlpine. In addition to cable, Quentin has two telephone calls to Chips in "wee, sma'" hours after the premiere, and chats to him about the audience's reaction to the film. Calls come through to the Raffertys' flat, where Quentin entertains friends at after-premiere party. Quentin wears lovely lily-of-the-valley draped frock which she tells me she made herself . . . "Put the last stitches in at five o'clock in the afternoon before the premiere at 8 p.m."

TELEPHONE call from Coolangatta for Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Moxham, of The Grove, Roseville, from their son-in-law and daughter Alison, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, who are on their honeymoon.

Wedding takes place at St. Philip's Church, with reception later at Pickwick.

One of the guests is Lieut.-Commander Henshaw, of the U.S. Navy, who is in Australia as a witness in the Cousens case.

• • •

HONEYMOON at Kosciusko for Dr. Stacey Lantos and his bride, formerly Winsome Powys.

• • •

ROUND of pre-wedding parties for Pat Moorhouse, who marries Dion Coote at Shore Chapel, North Sydney, on October 11. Two old school friends of bride-to-be, Mrs. D. McKinnon and Mrs. J. McCarthy, give shower tea at Mrs. McKinnon's home at Clifton Gardens, and Mrs. Roderick Wallace, who will be matron of honor at ceremony, was also hostess at an afternoon tea. Pat, who is the only daughter of Mr. N. E. Moorhouse, of Neutral Bay, will wear a lovely parchment moire taffeta frock with Chantilly lace veil.

Joyce

SYDNEY BRIDEGROOM Alastair Stephen with his bride, formerly Winnie Bonnin, of Mills Terrace, North Adelaide, leave Christ Church, North Adelaide. Bridegroom is son of the late Sir Colin and Lady Stephen, of Sydney. Couple will make their home in Sydney.

AT ST. MARK'S. Jack Amos, of Gurley, and bride, formerly Dawn Crowley, with Dawn's brother, Brian Crowley; Penelope Munro, Moree; Wallace Munro, Moree; and Dawn's sister, Anne. Bride is elder daughter of the Brian Crowleys, of Merrywinebone.

COUNTRY BRIDEGROOM Jack Miller, of Warren, and his bride, formerly Joan Gardiner, leave St. Mary's Cathedral with flower-girl Nancy Tecce.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723774

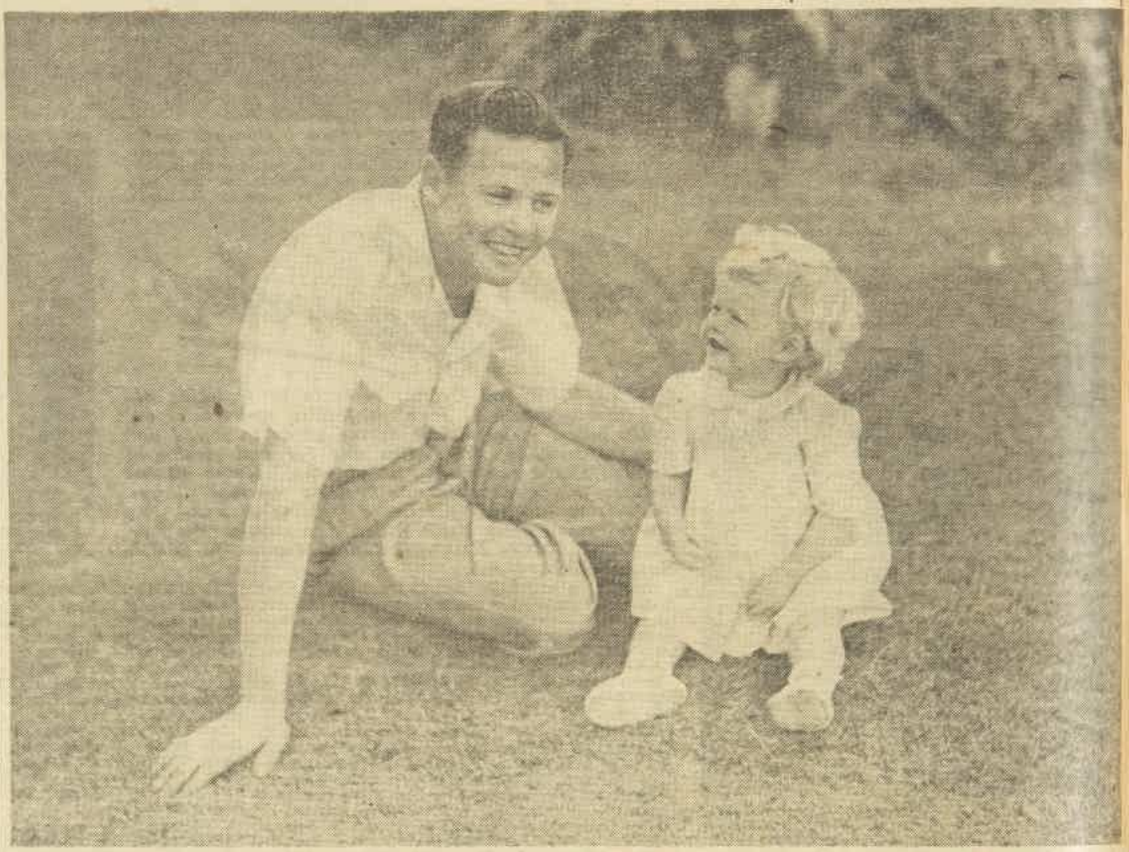
ADVERTISEMENT

TOMMY BURNS BUYS MORE BONDS FOR OVERSEAS TRIP

Wins prosperous future by regular saving and investment in Commonwealth Bonds . . . now makes an advance subscription to the Second Security Loan.

The young Australian pictured here is Mr. Geoffrey Murphy, twenty-four years, and with him is Baby Geraldine, seventeen and a half months.

Mr. Murphy is the provisional welterweight champion of Australia, and fights under the name of Tommy Burns.



Looking at the pleasant house, set in well-cared-for grounds in Laurel Avenue, Alderley, you'd say it's the home of an average good citizen. And so it is.

It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Murphy, Baby Geraldine, Baby Peter, and their dog Nigger.

Geoffrey is twenty-four, and his lovely young wife, Betty, who is a Brisbane girl, somewhat younger.

Baby Geraldine of the bluest eyes, fairest hair, creamiest skin, and warmest smile, refuses to make any statement regarding her age.

Worked Hard—Saved Hard

"Life hasn't always been a bed of roses," said Mr. Murphy. "I started life apprenticed to one of my brothers. There are five of them. Then I worked with my father. They're all bakers.

"At the age of sixteen I started to fight. No, not with them—as a boxer.

"Success had to be fought for—hard. I started as a featherweight, but after jackerooing for Mr. Towner, of 'Thurngli,' in the centre of West Queensland, I built up weight to over eleven stone.

Planned To Win

"I realised that to make a success of anything you have to plan and work hard—and that is what I did.

"During the last few years, I have worked fifty-three hours a week oxy-welding, and road work for training. That meant starting at five in the morning with dinner at eight-thirty at night. It's a bit easier now, but I train just as hard, and play golf as part of my training. I am a member of the Keperra Country Golf Club.

Bonds Helped Dreams Come True

"Every penny I earned I saved, and put as much as I could into loans. I wanted to marry, build a home, have a family—and loans were safest and gave the best interest. Now I own my own home, and I have a wife and family.

Invests in Second Security Loan

"I am still saving. I have already made an advance subscription to the Second Security Loan. This is because I want to make a trip to the United States and to England to fight there. And I can only do that if I save as much as I can, and get the best return from my savings.

Bonds Best Investment

"I know of no better way of obtaining security for a wife and family than investing in Commonwealth Bonds. They are a safe investment because they have the backing of the Commonwealth.

"Not only that, but buying Bonds helps keep prices down, and helps in the all-important job of rehabilitation," concluded Geoffrey Murphy.

Save for Security
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Make an **ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION**
Now to the **SECOND SECURITY LOAN**

Security Bonds Soundest Investment

"People's savings speed conversion of industry," says Mr. R. A. Rowe, Chairman of Australian Associated Stock Exchanges

Mr. R. A. ROWE

"Money placed in the Second Security Loan, now open for public subscription, has undoubted security," said Mr. R. A. Rowe.

"The loan has the backing of all the assets of Australia, both national and private, and all political parties are pledged to honour it.

"The rate of interest is attractive, when negotiability and security are taken into account. It is not possible, to-day, to obtain 3½% from any comparable investment.

"It must be realised that thrift and steady support for national finances are necessary peace-time weapons against an increased use of Central Bank credit. This is essential to protect us against unbridled inflation which would be disastrous."

Mr. Rowe emphasised that a sound investment is essentially one that can be converted readily into cash, should the necessity arise. "This loan fully measures up to that requirement," he said. "Any member of the Associated Stock Exchanges will secure cash for your investment in the loan more easily than for any other security, mainly by reason of the extensive and regular buying operations of the National Debt Sinking Fund, in which there is approximately £26 millions per annum now available for redemption of debt.

"But, while emphasising this particular feature of Commonwealth securities, stockbrokers do not encourage their clients to sell because they cannot recommend a sounder investment.

"Furthermore," continued Mr. Rowe, "they realise that the task of conversion from war to peace-time economy requires the marshalling of the people's savings for the needs of those functions of Government which are essentially Governmental and not the responsibility of private enterprise.

"For these reasons, members of the Stock Exchanges have no hesitation in recommending the loan as a first-class investment."

You Can Invest Now in the £90,000,000 Second Security Loan

OPENING OCTOBER 15 . . .

The £90,000,000 Second Security Loan opens on October 15th. With its better than bank interest; repayment backed by the whole assets of Australia; and ready availability of money in emergency—the Second Security Loan is the logical place for your savings.

The money raised will be used to meet continuing war commitments, to finance important National Public Works, and to provide funds necessary for the rehabilitation of ex-service men and women.

In addition, your investment in Security Bonds helps keep prices down, and speeds reconversion of industry.

If you have £10 or more saved already, you can make an advance subscription to the Second Security Loan at once, and interest will be paid thereon from the day you make your investment through any bank, savings bank, or stockbroker.

Interest is at the rate of 3½% for 12 years, or 2% for three years.

Buy Security Bonds now for cash from your savings — and buy more by instalments out of income when the loan is officially open.

Security Bonds are available in denominations of £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000. Make an investment to-day.

LISTEN TO FINAL AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL QUIZ CHAMPIONSHIP

8 p.m., MONDAY, October 14

(7.30 p.m. Sth. Australia). ALL STATIONS

Q10.P21.145

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723775

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

MANY Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians will have their share of good fortune this week, provided they are prepared to work hard to achieve it.

Leonians and Sagittarians will also benefit somewhat, but Arians, Capricornians, and Cancerians should live cautiously and try to dodge worries and upsets.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be discreet and patient now, and dodge arguments especially on Oct. 10, 11, 12, 13 (to 2 p.m.) and 14 (early). Caution pays dividends this week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A difficult week to negotiate, with troublesome spots. Oct. 8, 9 fair; 12 adverse, 13 (morning and evening) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Excellent possibilities this week, but hard work and discretion needed. Oct. 8 and 9 poor; 11 and 13 (forenoon) fair; 14 very good, 15 (except forenoon) good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Beware upsets and worries now. Routine tasks advised. Oct. 8, 9 slightly helpful, 10, 11 and 12 adverse; 13 and 14 (early) poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Radiations are moderately helpful this week, so seek quiet gains. Oct. 9 (after 3 p.m.), 10 (except 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.), 11 (after noon), 14, and 15 (from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.) all quite good.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Live widely and patiently on Oct. 8, 9, 14, and 15, as many minor difficulties are likely. Rest of week fair, but avoid over-confidence.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Make ambitious efforts for advancement now, be patient, and seek gains. Best days Oct. 9, 9 (after 1 p.m.), 14, and 15 (except forenoon and sunset).

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Oct. 8 (after 8 a.m.), 9 (except forenoon), 11 (after midday), and 14 (evening) can all prove mildly pleasing and helpful this week.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): A strange week, so be cautious and use tact. Oct. 8 and 9 can be troublesome, 10 (except 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.) and 11 helpful; 12 (noon) good, 14 and 15 poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Be on guard against rashness now, for difficulties and worries prevail. Routine tasks prove best, especially on Oct. 10, 11, 12 (except dusk hours), and early 14.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Life can be very good for most Aquarians now, so seek advancement, try new ventures. Oct. 8, 9 (except midday), 11 (after midday), 14, and 15 (to sunset) all favor you.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Oct. 8 and 9 (after 1 p.m.) can both be helpful in minor matters; 11 (after 1 p.m.) and 13 (near dusk) also fair. But avoid over-confidence or major changes this week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"Hold the net — we'll be right back down!"

Your Coupons

TEA: Black and red, page 8, V8-V20 (V9-V12 expire Oct. 20, when V21-V24 become available).
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 1, P and Q1-3-5-7-9.
BUTTER: 33, U2, and U4 (expire Oct. 20).
MEAT: Black and red, J5, K5, L5, M5, and J6, K6, L6 (expire Oct. 20); green, C17-C20 (expire Oct. 20).
CLOTHING: Y1-56, Z57-112.

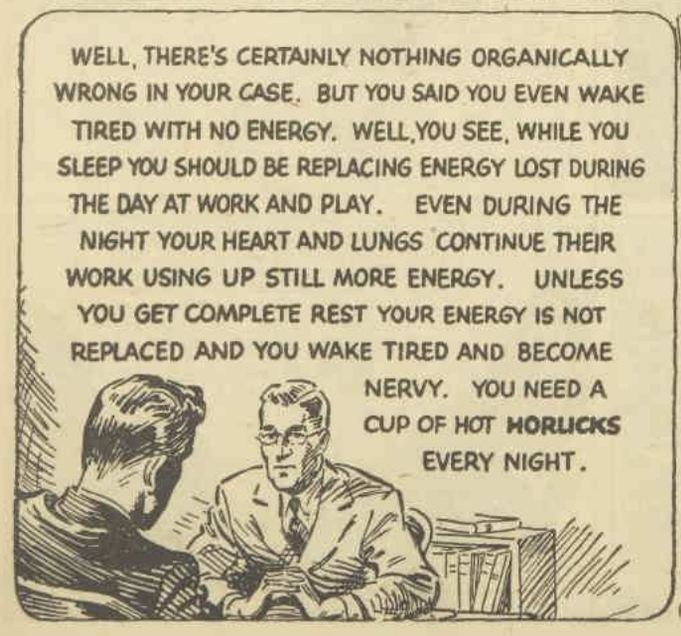
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the moon with
PROF. THURSBY: Responsible for the trip, and
LAURA: His beautiful daughter. They are being shown over the city of Lunatopia by
AMON: A handsome moonman, who tells them that the whole city depends for its light, air, and food on the great machines invented hundreds of centuries ago. No one knows how the machines work, as they are tended by master-machines which, according to Amon, can think. The people are a little afraid of these machines. Amon takes the earthmen down to the machine-room. One of the master-machines runs amuck, is smashed by Lothar, but all the machines begin an attack on the city. NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723776

The test of a WIFE

Hilda and John had been married four years. Then . . .



Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723777

What's on your mind?

Disgusted by conduct of his generation

WRITING as a member of the younger generation I wholeheartedly support the older men and women who express an adverse opinion of the frivolity of the youth of to-day.

I sincerely belive that a large section of young people to-day is facing life without thought of any responsibility and with too much time spent in pleasure.

Just take one or two things.

The type of music that pleases them could be made just as easily by tin cans and cowbells as orchestral instruments.

Never since the days of cannibalism, I imagine, has such a lack of chivalry been in evidence. I have had to travel regularly at week-ends to two of Sydney's largest week-end pleasure resorts, Manly and Cronulla, which are frequented by young people whose conduct is disgraceful.

They stand like a herd of cattle waiting for their means of transport, then, when it arrives, they stampede. Old people are pushed about and even knocked down, and during the journey they and mothers with babies stand while frivolous and ignorant youths sit.

£1 to John Moran, 57 The Point Rd., Woolwich, N.S.W.

Baths for children

THERE should be swimming baths for children only. I have seen children knocked over by adults and it frightens them of the sea. Also parents would feel much happier about the safety of their children if they were swimming in their own special pools.

5/- to Mrs. M. Buckley, Maryborough, Qld.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Potato revolution

IT would be a boon if potatoes were cleaned and graded before they reached the retailer and consumer. This would result in better displays, easier handling, and the choice by customers of the size they require.

If cleaning and grading machines were used either on the farms or before marketing, busy housewives would be saved much labor and the ruining of their hands.

5/- to Mrs. W. Kerr, 8 Lempriere Ave., East St. Kilda, Vic.

Toe-peepers unlimited

THE public would find great benefit if manufacturers of felt slippers would put leather toe-caps on them. Generally the first thing to

wear out in felt slippers is the toe, so caps would add considerably to their life and be well worth the small extra cost.

5/- to Marion Johnston, Finley Rd., Tocumwal, N.S.W.

First-aid signs

DURING the war thousands of people were trained to use first-aid; but now their knowledge is being wasted because nobody knows it is there.

It would be a good idea if these people were given a metal tablet by whatever organisation trained them, bearing the words "first-aid."

It could be placed in a prominent place outside their residences so that their skilled attention could be called in case of accidents.

5/- to Mrs. C. M. Mason, Queenstown, Tas.

Hire cubicles

QUITE a number of women like to do their own hairdressing, preferring their own styles to the fantastic ones created by professional hairdressers, but having no facilities for drying their hair quickly have to go to the hairdresser's.

What a boon it would be if they could hire a cubicle where they could shampoo and set their hair and have it dried. The charge could be small and there would be no need to go around with the hair in bobby-pins while it dries.

5/- to Mrs. R. W. Dickinson, 22 Dickson St., Newtown, N.S.W.

Making things easier

TRAVELLING to church on Sunday I was amazed to see the conductor stop the tram after it had moved from the stop, to allow two women to catch it. As I paid my fare I commented to the returned soldier conductor, who smiled and said: "Oh, well! It's pretty hard in these days of transport restrictions, and mothers have to cook Sunday dinners and can't always make it."

I wish all tram guards and their passengers, too, would be as pleasant as this sociable conductor.

5/- to Miss I. Ireland, 6 Fifth St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

The Three Good Witnesses

Continued from page 5

HUMP knew Tom would have looked that corridor door. Then why was it open now? Unless somebody had wanted to leave evidence that anyone in the corridor could have got in.

"That doesn't make sense," Hump muttered, fingering the pistol. "Unless that somebody got in another way."

It was like an intelligence quiz. The only other door was the connecting one, locked. But at this point Hump looked carefully at the connecting door and tingled with excitement. Locked, it certainly was. Yet the catch on his side had not been pushed home. That meant it had been locked by the catch on the other side. That meant somebody might have worked the connecting door open in the night and gone back the same way, after unhitching the corridor door.

Angrily, without waiting to reason further, Hump began to rap his fist against the door. The compartment beyond would be Number Eight and Nine, second-class, with two men in it. He had glimpsed them there during the day.

The door swung open, away from Hump. He saw Mr. Chiniara putting on his coat, his neat hair smelling of oil, mussed up. In the shadow of the lower berth lay another man in a woollen undershirt staring at him.

"What is it," cried Mr. Chiniara, "that you have?"

His broad face twisted in surprise. He pointed at Hump's hand. It held the .45, but Hump wasn't thinking of that. He felt sure these two had the missing briefcase, although he couldn't see any sign of it.

In his excitement he found it hard to speak French at all.

"Le portmanteau," he muttered, "the bag of my friend—it is here."

Mr. Chiniara still stared. "Here we have only our valises," he said.

Obviously he was upset at seeing the pistol. Hump hesitated while they watched him.

"If you have lost anything," said Mr. Chiniara, "I pray you to look. I know nothing of it."

When he moved aside, Hump stepped into the room, his eyes upon the upper berth. Close to him he felt a movement and turned instinctively. Then his head felt numb and lights flared across his sight. He was conscious that he had been hit over the eyes and that his arms reached out as he fell and other arms caught him.

While he was so held he kept trying to support himself on one knee. He heard a familiar rushing sound, like wind. It was icy cold and it stung his mind.

He couldn't see into the darkness, but he felt the beat of hard snow on his wet face. Then, under the shock of the cold and the wind, he realised that the arms were pushing him through the window. His head and shoulders were out in the storm.

When the hands shoved him again he kicked out savagely, back. His foot drove a man's body back, and Hump rolled to one side, pulling himself out of the grip of the other man, falling back into the compartment. Something hard smashed against his shoulder, numbing one arm.

He swept the other arm around, caught a man's legs, and pulled. His head knocked against metal lying loose on the floor. Instantly he freed his hand and caught at it, feeling the steel shape of his pistol. The compartment was dark, and when he fired the first shot from the .45 the flash picked out the shapes of two men lunging at him.

Flame exploded against him; the blast of the explosion turned him around. Feeling the berth against his back, he rolled over on it, lashing out with one foot. Another shot slammed into the wood under him.

Hump kept shoving back, swinging his .45 around. His head seemed to split between the eyes. He was hanging on to the automatic, loosing off the full clip until the hammer clicked and no shot came.

Then he heard a man breathing like a tired animal. Something bumped against the berth. After that he couldn't hear anything except the rattle and roar of the train. He thought: "Maybe Tom has another clip—but I haven't and there's nothing to do."

Cautiously the corridor door opened. A hand came in and felt for the switch. Kevorkian stood there, his face a mask, his eyes hard.

On the floor, Mr. Chiniara lay with his hair rumpled on top of the man in the undershirt. Watching them, Hump noticed that they no longer moved.

Quietly Kevorkian shut the door behind him. Somehow Mary was with him now, leaning down and touching the throats of the men. When he pulled down Mr. Chiniara's eyelid, Kevorkian cracked his thumb. "Finish," he said.

Then they both looked at Hump, leaning on his elbow on the berth. He didn't feel like talking, but the two standing there expected him to say something, so he said: "They took the briefcase. I'm sure they did."

Kevorkian and Mary looked at each other; then the conductor snapped the lock on the door, because people were moving and talking out in the corridor. They heard a man swearing. In the dark square of the connecting door Tom Hatfield appeared, looking groggy and holding on to the door.

"And who," he said thickly, "is shooting up this place?" He saw the two on the floor and swore in surprise.

Mary looked at his hard, young face, and made him sit down on the berth. There was dried blood ringing his ear. Hump found himself on his feet, trying to poke around for the briefcase. He couldn't move very well, the compartment was so crowded, and his knees kept caving in, but he was thinking that he ought to find the briefcase, and the briefcase couldn't be found.

Please turn to page 20

That Man Is Here Again

Continued from page 12

OF course, they would probably be in awful shape, faded and damp. She thought of the manoeuvring she had done to get it home.

There was nothing the matter with Jerry's memory. The book was there, the notes were legible, mostly, and the ideas still as good.

Most of the stuff she would give to the narrator, to the G.I. from Texas who served as a Greek chorus opening and closing the play. Well, that lucky boy would speak throughout the show. It meant cutting, rearranging, but in the black book and hidden in the script itself there was everything Tom had said—all she could possibly need.

She was back in Baltimore eight hours later.

The actors seemed to like the new words she handed them. She made a short speech about Tom liking to work undisturbed and how she would deliver the rewrites for him. They could put the new first act in on Friday, the new second act Saturday, and by working over the week-end the whole new show would be ready for Washington by Monday. Then she went back to her typewriter, the little black book, and her memories of the rooftop in Algiers.

She did not write a new play. She simply gave the existing one point and pace. She cut out Tom's unprofessional shrubbery and let the meaning stand clear.

It was risky work, illegal and amoral, but Tom wasn't there, and something had to be done and so she did it and prayed that she might be forgiven for doing it.

People fortunately were in the mood to buy tickets to see anything anyone chose to put upon the stage, whether significant to them or not. The National Theatre was completely sold out by eight o'clock Monday evening.

What a barn, Jerry said to herself, sitting perched among paraphernalia in the wings. An intimate little—— But she never finished the sentence. Tom Marsten was making his way towards her.

"The criminal returns to the scene," he said, sitting down heavily beside her.

This was a moment Jerry had realised subconsciously she would have to face; but now that it was here, she was terrified. "I want to talk to you," she said, turning away from him to hide her nervousness. "I wouldn't stay here to-night if I were you. The kids are nervous. Temperament, you know. It would just make them worse to have the playwright out front."

"Okay. I'll stay away, but only if you'll come with me." She didn't answer. "We won't talk about the show."

"All right."

They went next door and ordered a couple of sandwiches as the curtain was rung up.

Jerry's thoughts leaped from a hundred yards away, backstage, to the stranger across the table. How were the new speeches going, and what was he really thinking? Tom watched her and wondered how aware she was of their curious reversal. So this, he thought, is how a sergeant feels.

At intermission some of the audience wandered in, but she was too nervous to let him listen to what they said. Round midnight he walked her home.

I shall probably not sleep a wink all night, Jerry thought as she studied the wallpaper by her bed. I shall probably never sleep again as long as I live. The morning papers should be out early, and then she could have her choice. I can either run for it, or I can stay and face him like the little man he knows me to be.

Her first reaction was that they were all misprints. Then she believed every one of the critics in Washington was drunk; they'd got together on some tremendous bender and this was a gigantic journalistic joke. Then she read them again:

"The most moving experience of this playgoer's season. It is beautiful beyond words, and will win every prize of the season."

She felt relief. Joy. Terror. In that order. And she started packing. There was nothing more an agent could do. And of all the things, she suddenly realised, of all the things that could possibly have happened, this was the worst.

But, obviously, that was not the end of that.

"An Act of God" came into town on schedule, and moved the following week to a larger theatre. The Broadway Press made the Washington notices sound like pannings. The lion hunters came out in force, and wanted Tom for every conceivable sort of engagement. He was the new Hemingway, a reincarnated Rupert Brooke, and he was worth exactly four thousand dollars a week to Hollywood.

There were a lot of details to this, and they, too, became Jerry's baby—everything down to the plane reservation west. But only once was there any sort of personal encounter between them.

One afternoon two delivery boys carried in a young mimosa tree and placed it in the centre of her office. Tom appeared behind the yellow blossoms looking like something created by Raphael and a very good barber working together.

"Thank you, Jerry," Tom said as she slowly stood up behind her desk.

"That's all right, sir," she said.

Tom walked out with the delivery boys.

Why, why, why had she added that? After all this. With her position established. She broke a sprig of the tree and went to Henri's.

"It's absolutely no good," she told him. "You can't win. No matter how you play it."

She was silent a minute. "But you know—it's a funny thing; taking his orders or dishing them out, he always wins. It's all for him. No matter how you slice it, see?"

"Not quite," said Henri.

Jerry had made a last appointment to meet Tom at her office. It was for two-thirty, but she got there five minutes late. When she opened the door of her office, Tom was sitting at her typewriter. Immediately he ripped a sheet of paper from the roller and put it on her desk. Then he got up.

"This is where I came in," he said, and walked out the door.

The sheet of typing was, of course, irresistible. Jerry picked it up.

"To: Miss Wilson," it read. "From: Mr. Marsten, Priority Unclassified."

Under Remark I was written: "This is it. You won't be my agent any more, nor I your client."

Remark II: "I have my contracts, I have my plane tickets. My manuscripts are in my case. That's all."

Remark III: "Except—now don't skip away and say you've read this before—I love you. I've loved you ever since the day you walked out of my office. I was a half-wit, I know, all those months overseas, but face it: sometimes you don't know what you want till you lose it—that, somehow, you will have to forgive."

Remark IV: "You've given me more money and fame and success than I ever thought I could have. But you've treated me like a fool or a genius. I couldn't get through."

Remark V: "I took it because I was seeing you. Now I'm going away and I have to tell you. It's all been my fault; unfortunately, I am stupid. I am also ungrateful and not worth your trouble. But I have to tell you. I know how you felt. I love you and it's no fun."

Jerry dashed for the door. Perhaps it happened by accident, or was part of a premeditated scheme, but when she got to the elevator he was there.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," he said. And then after a few minutes it was Tom who grew practical. "Do you think," he said, "if we cancelled my reservation and were willing to go all the way by Pullman—do you think you could arrange it?"

She nodded, trying not to look efficient. "I think I could," she said.

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723778

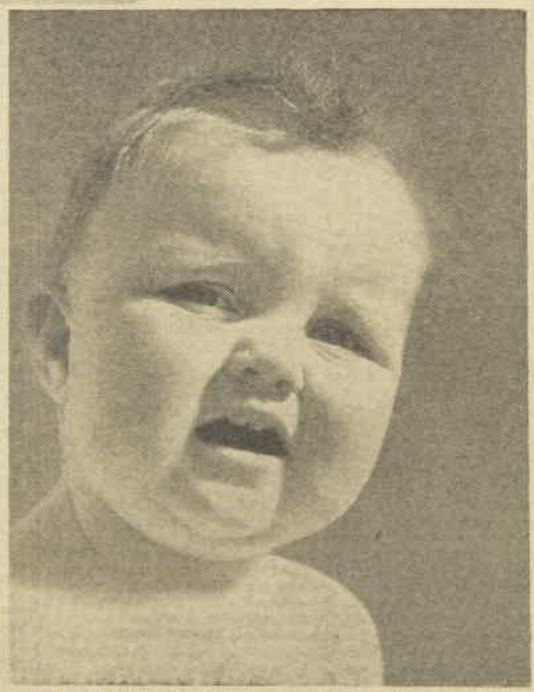
"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . ."

ISN'T HE CUTE? And he's such a g

Be

Parliament

LET'S GET out of this. Too much talk and no action.

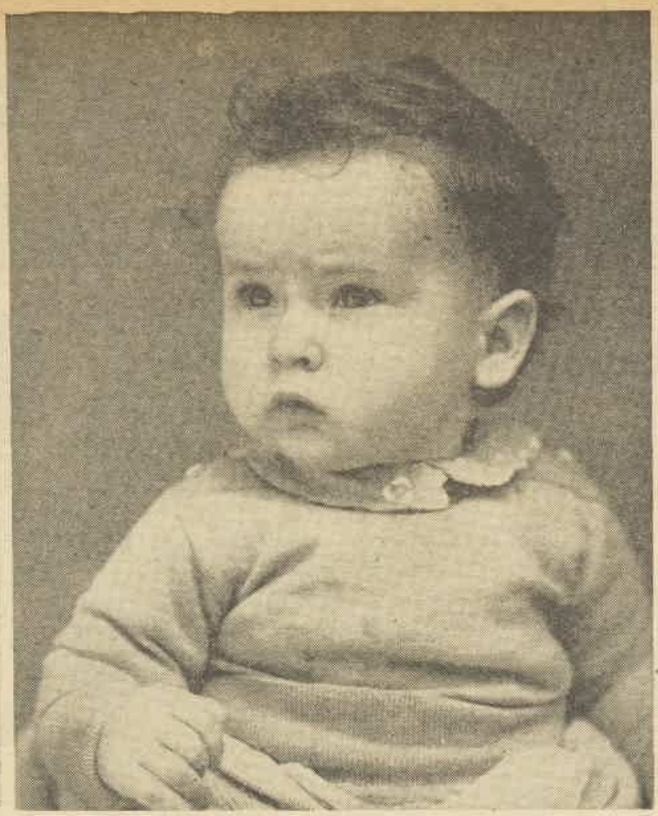


I OBJECT to the way this meeting has been conducted.

VERY INTERESTING point that. I must m

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723779

a gentleman, too.



PREPOSTEROUS! Never heard such an outrageous suggestion.

I DON'T KNOW that I'd like to commit myself. It's a serious matter.

aby Talk

nt meets—in the nursery

a note of it.

I'M PREPARED to give the idea mature consideration.

POLITICS ARE SUCH A BORE to us women. Somehow I'm not cut out for public life.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723780

The Three Good Witnesses

Continued from page 17

AFTER two or three moments he knew it wasn't in that compartment, and he sat down beside Tom because his knees felt weak.

"He wants some whisky, Mary,' said Hatfield. "You'll find a pint in my bag. Bring it here."

When the bag came, Tom fished in it and brought out the cigarette carton. Then he produced a bottle and Kevorkian handed over a glass from the water-stand, after rinsing it. Hump drank down the glassful and felt better.

"They got your papers," he explained.

"They did?"

"In the briefcase. And it—it isn't here."

The Kentuckian whistled softly, and glanced at the empty glass. "Mr Ward," he urged, "suppose you let us in on what actually happened? The first thing I remember is hearing slugs busting up my berth."

Carefully, then, Hump recounted his discovery, his reasoning, and what had happened to him. Mary looked white and excited, while she listened. But the other two might have been wooden statues.

When he had finished, Tom looked at the open window.

"If they got that dispatch-case, they probably heaved it out there." He hesitated briefly. "There wasn't anything in the case but some copies of the Cumhurriet—that morning paper. Back at Haidar Pasha, a Britisher I know told me to be careful this trip. I put the papers some other place."

Hump thought the place would be the cigarette carton. And he thought how he had shot two men, without having one particle of evidence to back up his story.

When he told the three of them that, Tom said suddenly: "But you guessed right, Mr. Ward. I sure locked that door last night."

Kevorkian pointed at Hump. "A mild gentleman like you—to kill two in the dark!" He spoke quickly now, with respect.

"But he did not!" The girl Mary stamped her foot and went off into a flood of Macedonian, or Armenian, or something foreign. Kevorkian listened, shaking his head and nodding, and making gestures like a man trying to think and play the piano at the same time. Finally he waved his hand.

"Quick!" he muttered. "Ah, how we waste time. Who is dead, here?"

He caught hold of Mr. Chiniara. At the same time, Mary led Hump into the other compartment, saying that he couldn't feel good enough to help.

Kevorkian and Tom were in the act of heaving the man in the undershirt out the open window, into the driving snow. After that they threw out the bag and clothes, and began to rip up the rug from the floor. Hump, watching through the door, gasped, but he felt better when he saw a knife lying on the floor by the revolver that had been shot at him.

"Think not of it, please," the girl said, "Because Haig Kevorkian, he is Macedonian. When he fought the Gairmats at Thessalonica, he threw bodies over the cliffs, two-three years ago." She looked at Hump, as if pondering about him. "You also are a very brave man, even if you are not Macedonian. But we 'ave not left Turkey yet, and you would be judgment-tried for two-three years in spite of your age and your innocence. It is better to have no bodies."

By then compartment number eight and nine was clear of all signs of occupancy—Kevorkian being engaged in shoving the berths back into the daytime couch. Then a rap of sharp authority sounded on the door.

When the door was opened a slender man in uniform stepped in. He wore khaki wool with brass insignia; he was no older than Tom, and Kevorkian eyed him as if beholding a ghost arise.

"Chiniara," said the soldier. "Drikar?" And he glanced at Tom, puzzled. Under his arm he had a wad of passports, and in his hand he held two open, studying the photographs.

"The Syrian passport control," breathed Mary, holding hard to Hump's hand. "How I 'orgot!"

Until then, Hump also had forgotten how his passport, along with the others—except for Tom's—had been turned over to the conductor, to present to the Syrian authorities. The soldier, who carried a small sword-bayonet, had the two passports of the late occupants of Eight-Nine. Tom said nothing. Kevorkian looked at Mary. Hump felt his pulse beating in his throat. The girl let go his hand.

She got up and stepped in front of the Syrian official. Shaking her tawny hair, she declaimed in another language, her eyes snapping, her hand indicating the driving snow outside. The Syrian listened with interest.

"She's something to look at," said Tom, coming in, "when she's like that."

Kevorkian sidled over to them, listening. He nudged Hump. "She says you are General of Secret Service. At Adana you put Chiniara and Drikar off the Taurus Ekspress with a small-arm pistol."

"But he'll want proof. He'll make a report—"

"Him?" Kevorkian gestured widely, as if thrusting away the troubles of the world. "Why shall he? He is Arab. We are not yet at Ekbesse, where the frontier is. What does he care what happens in Turkey?" Kevorkian thought about that. "He has the passports, but—Have you any Syrian money?"

Hurriedly, Hump reached for his money-belt, and pulled out a blue-pink wad of foreign paper money. Taking it, Kevorkian went into the next compartment and silenced Mary the Deadhead. He passed the Syrian money over to the frontier control—possibly, Hump thought, not all the Syrian money—and took in exchange the two passports. These he tossed out the window.

"Finish!" said Kevorkian.

"It's teamwork," Tom observed, taking a cigarette out of his pocket, but not opening the carton. Thoughtfully, he nodded.

"I saw it, because I was watching that little lady, thinking she might be drawing down an Axis pay-check. You see, her family starved in Greece, up near that Thessalonica place. Mary was doling out the half-cans of milk with the Red Cross at Athens, and she didn't hear about her family for some time. And this Kevorkian has his pop and kid brother shot by the Jerries. Well, having no families, the girl and he teamed up on this here express. He let her ride deadhead and told the Turkish frontier police she was his only daughter. They let her ride."

Outside, grey mist swirled past the window. Through the mist white mountain peaks and grey rocks showed—old pinnacle rocks.

"That's why," explained Tom, "they don't want any show-down inspection on this train."

Sun struck through the mist, a low sun, making a rainbow around the snow crest, like jewels hung in the sky. Tom eyed the window, without interest.

"We're out of Turkey, now, fellow. But this Mary the Deadhead will have her a time to get by the British control. You can't," added Tom, aggrieved, "smuggle a pack of cigarettes past the British. Try to smuggle a girl, and they'll blow their top."

He was just talking, thought Hump, to make things seem all right. Although the warm sun touched the window, Hump felt still cold and numb. Although Tom kept saying how those two must have been a pair of two-pound espionage free agents, grabbing papers to make a small profit, the voice of Hump's subconscious mind would not have it so.

Mr. Chiniara and Mr. Drikar were still there in the next compartment with him, their white faces showing red in the flashes. They still had their hands on him. He hadn't one shred of evidence or one witness to show how he'd reasoned out that they were guilty and how they had tried to kill him without a trace by shoving him out into the storm from the speeding Taurus Express . . .

He was still sitting by Tom, and the sky was jet blue over red clay hills when the train stopped beside a long station that had a sign, Aleppo.

JUST as the Kentuckian started to pull down the window and hand out his bag, an English voice said: "One minute, please, sir."

Outside, in the glare of sunlight, a British sergeant stood looking up at the windows. "Everyone will remain in his place in this car," he said.

"O.K.," said Tom, sitting down.

Hump had looked at his watch three times before the corridor door opened and a sunburned young major came in, with Kevorkian showing behind him.

"Good morning," he remarked. "I'm Radcliffe." He began to leaf through some passports, among which Hump recognised his own. Mary came in, with her hair combed back and carrying her old sheepskin jacket. Now that she was warm and her face flushed, Hump thought she did look pretty.

Major Radcliffe was speaking, casually, as if remarking it was a warm day. "I'm looking for two missing passengers, identified as Greeks, Chiniara and Drikar by name."

For once Mary had nothing to say. Tom began to whistle softly. Suddenly the major opened the connecting door behind him. The empty compartment seemed to interest him, especially the bare wooden floor. He glanced up at Tom.

"What became of the two passengers in Number Eight?"

"Were there two?" said Tom, seeming surprised.

The major turned his attention to Mary. "Young lady," he murmured, "you weren't in Number Eight, were you? You don't seem to have any other reservation—or a Syrian entrance visa. I'm afraid——"

Mary shook her head vigorously. "Please—I sat down in the corridor."

"Quite." The major lifted an eyebrow at Kevorkian. "Don't you remember two passengers booked through to Aleppo? One was quite stout, a book-dealer who escaped from Greece ten days ago. The other——"

Kevorkian's thumb cracked; then his lined face cleared. "Ah, those! They descended from the car at Adana. Yes, the one who was fat and the other." He waved a hand.

"Really?" Radcliffe seemed interested in the partition above Hump, and Hump remembered very well how a bullet had splintered the wood there. No, Mr. Chiniara was still to be accounted for, and he, Hump, was guilty.

"How did you hurt your forehead, sir?" the major asked pleasantly.

Hump's voice croaked. "Accident. Bumped into——"

"Quite. I should tell you that the Rumanian family in Number Fourteen heard shots just after passing Adana. They were so frightened they locked themselves in until now."

Yes, Hump had known how it would be. He did not try to reason it out any more. "I shot them—both of them," he said calmly. "They hit me first."

The effect upon Major Radcliffe was not what he had expected. The officer's blue eyes fastened on him, as if over the sights of a gun. "Please realise that I am not joking. My orders are to find those two pseudo-Greeks wherever they may be."

Hump sat still. It was worse than he had counted on. It didn't make sense, this young Britisher being hard as steel. Tom stirred.

"What might 'pseudo' be, Major?"

Please turn to page 23

"Look what I learned in school to-day, Dad!"

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 9839W, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723781

KIDS and SHOES are Natural Enemies

GIRLS' & MAIDS' TWO TONE SADDLE DERBY TIE (G/63 WT.). Stout Machine Sewn Soles. "Gretchen" Last. Colours Available:—White and Brown, All White and All Brown. Sizes:—7-10, 10½-1, 1½-5.

INFANTS' BLACK PATENT CENTRE BUCKLE BAR (V/218 P). Stout Veldted Soles. "Toe Room" Last. Colours Available:—Brown, White. Sizes:—3-6½, 7-10

GIRLS' & MAIDS' PATENT T BAR (G/28 P). Stout Machine Sewn Soles. "Betty" Last. Colours Available:—Brown. Sizes:—7-10, 10½-1, 1½-5.

INFANTS' BROWN CALF DERBY SHOE (B/157 T). Stout Machine Sewn Soles. "Skipper" Last. Colours Available:—Black Calf, Patent Leather. Sizes:—4-6½, 7-10.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' BLACK YEARLING OXFORD SHOES (B/150). "Digger" Last. Colours Available:—Black and Brown Yearling. Sizes: 11-1, 1½-5.

Grinding the soles off shoes, using them to slow the downhill rush of a scooter or billy-cart; stripping the surface off the toe-caps kicking roadmetal; wearing them, tearing them day in, day out, children have no mercy on their shoes.

You mothers have to balance your housekeeping budget against the children's ceaseless wear. So you must get the toughest, longest-wearing shoes you can — and that means PADDLE Shoes. They're tough alright, with genuine solid leather soles and heels, and flexible roomy uppers stitched with triple twisted linen thread. They're built to stand months of wear, and then re-soling, again and again. Children don't wear out, they grow out of Paddle Shoes.

There's another important point. Paddle shoes are made with EXACT fittings for correct width and length for toe space. Paddle fitted feet won't be the "killers" of later years.

N712

Insist on Paddle for Preference—but you may have to try more than once as there is such a heavy demand these days.

Paddle Bros. have made good Children's Shoes since 1894

PADDLE BRAND *Children's* SHOES

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD SHOE STORES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723782

Fashion PATTERNS

● *PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

769

No. 769
Sweetest Little Sunsuit

The pattern for this adorable sunsuit is traced clearly on a Caesar Fabric Florida, a linen-like fabric in delightful floral designs of blues, pinks, and greens on a white background. It comes ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

The little shorts are joined on to the dainty heart-shaped bodice which is trimmed with self-frilling.

Sizes 1 to 2yrs., 3/11 (4 coupons); 2 to 4yrs., 4/6 (4 coupons); 4 to 6yrs., 5/3 (5 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.

N.B. When ordering this little sunsuit, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

770

No. 770
Crisp Sunsuit and Sun-Hat

The pattern for this cool sunsuit with sou'wester to match is clearly traced on a British cotton in honey shade only. It comes ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

Sizes: Sunsuit, 2 to 4yrs., 10/11 (5 coupons); hat, 2/11 (1 coupon); sunsuit, 4 to 6yrs., 11/9 (6 coupons); hat, 3/3 (1 coupon). Postage, 9½d. extra.

FASHION—FROCK SERVICE

IVY—A summer inspiration

You'll feel it is definitely love at first sight with this lovely frock fashioned especially for you in a printed crepe. The cute printed design has Chinese figures, pagodas, and cherry blossoms scattered all over smart background colors of gold with mauve and white figures, green with red and white figures, dusty-pink with navy and white figures, mid-blue with red and white figures, spring-brown with green and white figures, and red with navy and white figures.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 69/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 73/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34 in. bust, 53/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 54/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/6½ extra.

N.B. When ordering Fashion Frock, please make second color choice to avoid disappointment.

F4424.—This charming little dirndl frock would delight any young miss. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4425.—Wear this frock night or day—it is so smart. Note the way pin-tucks achieve a gathered effect. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4426.—Summer days will be cooler and lighter if you wear the suit featured here. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4427. — Delightful sun-catcher. You'll welcome this trio comprising sun-top, skirt, and shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide for skirt and shorts, 1½ yds. for sun-top and floral trimmings. Pattern, 1/10.

F4428.—Sweet, isn't it? Such a darling frock would be appreciated by any little girl. Sorry, there is no pattern for the hat. Sizes 1 to 2yrs., 2 to 4yrs., 4 to 6yrs. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

PLAYCLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

Sizes: 1 to 2yrs., 2 to 4yrs., 4 to 6yrs.

No. 1 Requires ¾yd. 36in. wide. No. 2 Requires 1¼yd. 36in. wide. No. 3 Requires 3¼yd. 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:—

Box 238A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 12/10/46.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723783

Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 7

I WAS already opening the car door. "The police can send out a call to watch the roads," I said. "Anyway, they ought to know about it. I won't be a minute."

"You stay where you are," Andy ordered. "I'll go. I can tell them what you don't know as well as you can."

I sat back and smiled. That was what he thought, but if I knew my Worrall, he'd want to talk to me himself. Why, Andy didn't even have a description of what Marilyn had worn. I knew that much, at least.

I waited in vain. Andy came back and got into the car.

"No luck," he reported. "Worrall's out somewhere. I gave them the works."

"Will they . . .?"

"Sure. They'll get right on to it. Worrall will call you as soon as he comes in."

He didn't. I waited the whole afternoon for that call.

Andy and I didn't talk much on the way into town. Now that the main excitement was over I could feel a developing case of the jitters. Goodness knows I had reason. Nothing Marilyn'd said had been reassuring.

"I'm not trusting the police—Janet's dead, but I'm not dying—you might let it get round that I don't know anything, and that if I did I wouldn't tell it—you'd better make it plain that I didn't tell you anything either or there may be another corpse in the library."

That was the worst. Remembering Janet's body crammed into the dumb-waiter, I had to clench my teeth to keep them from chattering.

Andy didn't make it any better either. He came out of his sulks just then, ready for conversation. He said, "What'd she tell you—Marilyn?"

"Nothing!" I said desperately. "She said she didn't know anything and that even if she did she wouldn't tell."

Andy was silent for a moment. "Maybe she didn't at that. Maybe she's telling the truth."

"She was afraid," I said and shivered. "She said she didn't want to die—like Janet."

"Huh!" Andy said. "That's only sense. Here! What's the matter with you?"

I was definitely shaking by this time.

"I'm afraid, I guess. Marilyn said that I'd better make people believe that she didn't tell me anything. Well, she didn't. But how can I get anyone to believe me? The police or—or the murderer? Janet found out something and she's dead. So's Bill Thomas. I—I don't want to die, too. Especially for no reason at all!"

"Gosh!" Andy said simply.

He was silent then. It was well past the first business blocks of Edgewater proper before he spoke again. "Listen, Lin. There's one thing we can do. We can get married. Now. This afternoon. I can take care of you then."

"We can't," I said flatly. "There are formalities. It takes days—"

"Well, I suppose we could go across the state line."

"You don't sound very happy about it."

"I'm not. Wait, now—don't get me wrong, Lin. I could look after you better if we were married, but—to tell you the truth, there'd be a row, and I'm not keen on one just now. Not with Gloria making herself solid with grandfather. But if it'd make you feel safer—"

The same old Andy, wanting to eat his cake and have it, too.

"Forget it," I said wearily. "I'll get along. Just tacking on a new name wouldn't make me bullet or knife proof!"

I thought Andy was relieved.

There was pandemonium at the library. Nothing new—simply a bigger and better arrangement of the morning's excitement. I pulled my hat down as far as it would go, and dashed for Myra's office. Even then the hiss of whispers trailed me. "That's her—Miss Ware. She's the one who found the body . . ."

Myra was at her desk. "Isn't this awful? Close the door, Linda, or someone'll come pushing it. I wish the heating plant would break down or we'd have a fire or a flood. Anything for an excuse to close the library!"

"Perhaps Hobbs would oblige," I suggested. "Have you talked to him? There are seventeen million people out there."

"I know. It's worse for you than the rest of us. Would you like to stay away for a few days? We'd manage."

"At Gardner's. No, thanks. Besides, it'll calm down presently. Nothing lasts forever—not even a new sensation."

"I suppose Lieutenant Worrall hasn't found out anything?" Myra's tone was wistful.

"No, but I have." I threw my hat in the general direction of the desk. "Listen, Myra! I talked to Marilyn Frank this noon!"

"You did?" Myra didn't sound as if she believed me. "How could you? I thought the police were looking for her. Do they know? Where has she been? I might as well tell you that the board are furious. I'm afraid it'll mean her job—"

"She won't care," I said. "Wait till you hear."

I told her. I didn't skip a thing.

"It was just pure chance," I finished, "and I feel like a fool about it. Letting her go, I mean. But what could I have done? There wasn't time to call the police, and anyway I don't know that they have police in Mapleton——"

"Oh, well, you couldn't help it," Myra said comfortingly. "Lieutenant Worrall will understand."

I hoped he would. I wasn't so sure. That licence-plate omission was unforgivable. If I couldn't have done anything else, I should have managed those numbers.

"I'm actually glad she's gone," Myra was saying. "It was rather a strain wondering about her—if she was safe, I mean—and expecting to find her body every time you opened a cupboard. I wonder what she knew—really. I suppose she didn't tell you?"

"She did not!" I'd only been asked that question twice, and already I was touchy about it. "Myra, how'm I going to make people believe that? Because it's true. I swear it!"

"Why shouldn't they believe it?—oh, I see! You mean that perhaps——?"

"Yes, I mean that 'perhaps,'" I said grimly. "Nice, isn't it?"

I spent my afternoon as I had the morning—answering the telephone—except that I made a quicker grab for it when it rang. There was always the chance that the next call would come from Lieutenant Worrall.

Only it never did. It was from everyone else in Edgewater.

There were books to order, and I ordered them. There were letters to write and I wrote them. And still Lieutenant Worrall didn't call.

At four o'clock I called him.

He answered at once. I said, "I thought you'd want to talk to me," and he said, "Why, particularly?"

I couldn't believe my ears. I said, "Why—why, about Marilyn. Marilyn Frank. I saw her, you know."

Interest quickened in his voice. "You did? Where? How come?"

"Listen," I said. "Don't they tell you anything down there? Andy called the police station. You were out, but they said they'd tell you."

"What time was that? Okay—just a minute while I check on that."

It was less than a minute before he was back. "Sorry. Someone slipped, but everything's under control. And you're right. I do want to talk to you. I'll be right up."

I said, "Come on," and replaced the handset. I felt a little better now. I wasn't the only one who did things wrong. *Someone besides me* had slipped.

But just the same, waiting, I felt uneasy. For all his quietness I'd an idea that Lieutenant Worrall could be rather terrible if he ever got angry enough. I didn't want to face that anger.

I needn't have worried. He was as nice as he could be about it. He shrugged away my apologies. "Don't think about it. Sometimes you get a break in this business and sometimes you don't. This time we didn't."

I told my story again. For the third time. I was getting good at it. I don't think I left out anything.

He let me finish before he started asking questions. I thought the questions unnecessary myself, for they didn't bring out a single new item, but he asked them just the same. When it came to a description of Marilyn's clothes he took notes. After that he was silent, staring down at the paper for a long time.

"Do you think it's too late?" I asked at last. "Will you be able to trace her?"

"Probably not. Don't look so crestfallen—what's the point in raising false hopes? The young lady put one over on us and that's that. I'd like to know how she managed it though."

"How about friends?" I suggested hopefully. "Somebody must have helped her."

He pounced on that. "Who are her friends? Do you know?" I shook my head. "Try and find out, will you? You'd be more apt to than I—since you're free of the brand of the police."

I agreed to undertake the commission, but without much hope. I didn't know a thing about Marilyn outside of the library. I'd never wanted to. I didn't, particularly, now.

"Will it be safe?" I asked.

"Safe?" He was lazily amused. "I think so. Why? Is the lion-hearted Miss Ware experiencing qualms at this late date? We'll try to make it so."

Please turn to page 25

The Three Good Witnesses

Continued from page 20

MARY'S eyes flickered, as if beholding a new vista opening up. "Major—you want to find them?"

"And how, as the Americans say."

"But, why?"

Radcliffe was still cold, inexorable. Carefully, he looked at Mary. "Because we were advised by our people at Istanbul that certain enemy agents had been working out of the Balkans with identification as refugees. These two, Chiniara and Drikar—to give their passport names—were on this train in this sleeping-compartment. Our man on the train noticed that they threw something out of their window at Adana. But they hardly threw themselves out the window."

"Uh-uh," said Tom. "We did that."

Something inside Hump relaxed, and he blinked at the hot sunlight.

"The rats," Tom observed "Your man tipped me off to expect trouble."

"Certainly," barked Kevorkian. "No Greek would be fat like Chiniara after only one week escaped from Greece."

"No Greek would have hair-oil from Paris," put in Mary excitedly.

"That beips the case," said Radcliffe, "will somebody tell me the truth now?"

Mary chirped up first, rubbing one foot against the other, almost falling down in trying to say everything at once in American English. "All right, Butch. This mild Victorian gentleman knowing nothing of this war, he drops your two men in a gun-fight like nobody's business. And now, please, he is still suffering from shock, so will you give him a place on a plane direct to Cairo, where he can rest?

"Also, this American courier, he is late with dispatches, and he must have a place in the plane, the first B.O.A.C. plane. And"—she faltered under the officer's scrutiny—"since I can't enter Syria, will you please put me also on the plane, because in Cairo I can get a job as nurse with the Ela Greeks from Macedonia who are being fed there. Is it a deal, Major? Three places on the first plane, and you have your men like the Royal Canadian Whoosis, only dead."

To Hump's surprise, the officer voiced no shocked protest. Apparently he was accustomed to dark and devious methods of travel at this war frontier.

"The plane can be arranged, of course," he said. "If——"

Mary flashed him only one glance, like the Queen of Sheba giving the eye to Solomon. "Do your stuff," she cried to Hump.

Because he was relaxed and warm inside, Hump could relate clearly now how he had figured out the sliding catch on the door and what he stepped into. Now that the compartment door stood open behind Radcliffe, those constant images of Chiniara and Drikar were gone.

The major made a note in a small memorandum book. Then he looked at Hump, while the others kept silent.

"That story of yours, Mr. Ward," he remarked cheerfully, "has not one bit of evidence to support it. By your own statement the evidence is buried in the snow down the slopes of the Taurus mountains."

"Nuts," put in Tom. "I tell you I helped chuck it out."

"I examined the two men," cried Mary the Deadhead, "and I am a trained nurse. They were corpses."

"And for identification," boomed Kevorkian, waving his long arm, "I, a soldier of Macedonia, can swear their passports were the men you say."

Radcliffe scribbled a word in his memorandum book, and closed it.

"The evidence of three independent witnesses," he said, "is sufficient. I'll ring the aerodrome."

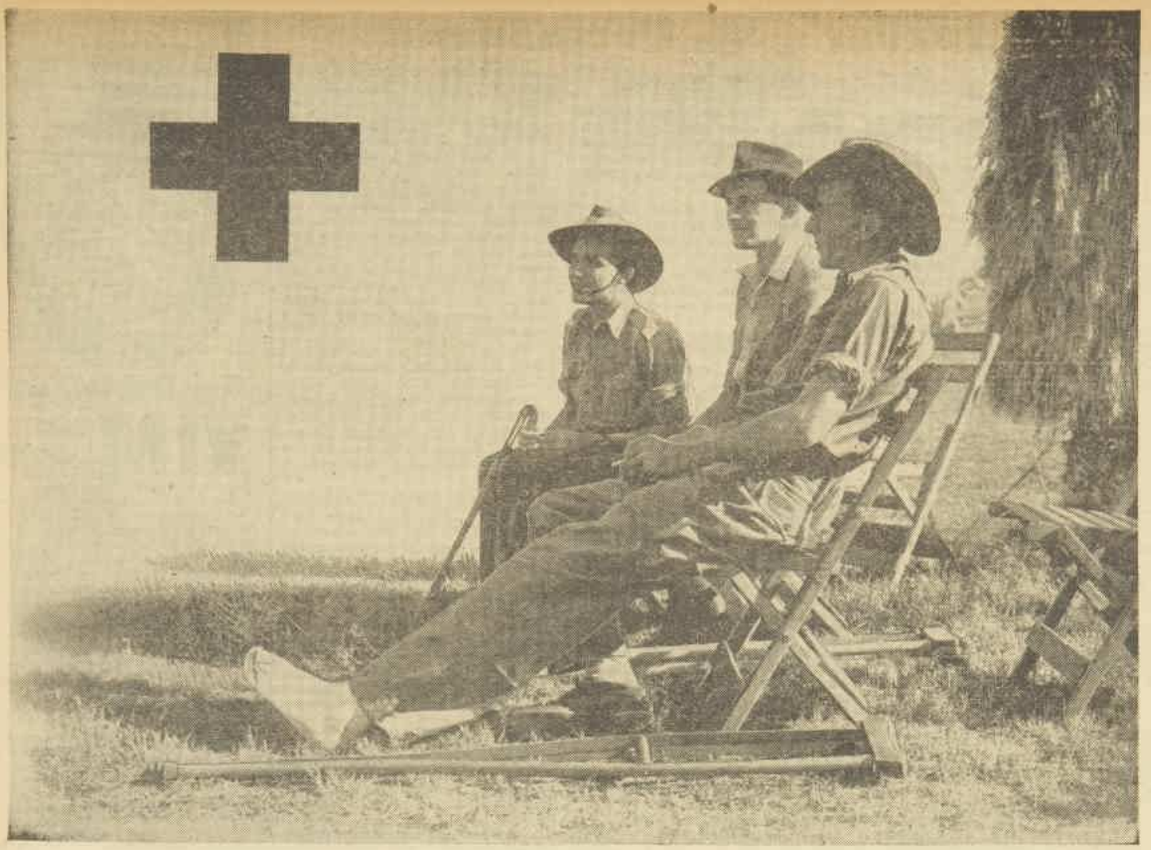
(Copyright)

CAPTURE A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION . . . and you capture everyone's admiration! Start using Rexona Medicated Soap regularly and see how much lovelier your skin can be! Rexona with its special medicaments floats out the impurities that cause blemishes . . . leaves your skin clear and velvety soft.

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Bornyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.53.26

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723784



They look to Red Cross ...

For their need is still great. Service and ex-service men and women will never look in vain to RED CROSS for relief from their suffering if YOU will give your aid ...

RED CROSS
must not fail them

•

Join

Fill in this coupon and send to Red Cross Headquarters in your State.
Please enrol me as a member of Red Cross for the year ending 30th June, 1947.

The sum of ..... is enclosed.

Signed .....

Annual Membership, 2/-
Badge, 1/-

Address .....

.....

.....

Include full name and postal address. (BLOCK CAPITALS).

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723785

Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 23

ABRUPTLY the laziness left him. He opened his eyes widely. "Why'd you ask that? What about her? Would you say she was afraid?"

I thought back. Slowly I shook my head. "I don't think so. It was more as if she'd made up her mind to go and was afraid of being stopped. She was grim about it."

"Saturday — Sunday — Monday," he said slowly. "She hadn't much time and she was hiding. Apparently she left without clothes——"

"She could send for them," I said crossly. "Afterwards."

"If she's depending on that, she's out of luck. I'll draw a cordon round the Frank house that'll keep a postage stamp from leaving. By the way, she didn't mention her people?"

"No. I'm not even sure she has any."

"Oh, she has. A mother. She lives on Western Avenue and rents rooms. I've a man—er—living there."

"I didn't know."

"Well, you do now. I suppose she'll have to be told. Want to take on the job?"

"I do not. But I will. If you think it would help."

"Good girl. Perhaps it will—perhaps it won't. It's worth trying. Just be casual about it—you happened to see Marilyn—she was safe and well. You wanted her mother to know—that sort of thing. We'll make it official later. You may learn something we don't know."

"Which I'll be expected to report to you? All right. I don't like it, but—is there anything in particular you want me to find out?"

His eyes narrowed. "The financial angle interests me strangely."

"It does me too," I confessed. "How could anyone just pick up and leave town? You'd have to have money, wouldn't you? And Marilyn was always broke."

"I've a nice answer to that one," Richard Worrall told me. "What if her whereabouts were better known than we thought? Or, put it like this: suppose it was expedient to certain people that she get out of town—so expedient that they were willing to—er—underwrite her departure."

"Irven Wagner!" I gasped.

He shrugged. "You've got the fellow on the brain," he reproved me. "Why not any of the rest of the Gardners for that matter? If there was a scandal to be scotched."

"It's one of them," I said with more conviction than I'd felt heretofore. "It has to be. And if it is, it's Irven Wagner. He's the only one who fits. Oh, can't you see that he is? Can't you do something to prove it?"

"What?"

"What about alibis? You could find out where they all were on Friday night—the night Janet was killed."

"By 'they all' I presume you mean the Gardners. But alibis aren't conclusive, and, anyway, I can't go round demanding them from people I've no reason to suspect of murder."

Perhaps I was a fool, but I plunged ahead, "I could find out for you. If I asked around."

He waited.

"On second thoughts I couldn't. Imagine walking up to Elsa Gardner and asking her where she was last Friday night. It simply couldn't be done!"

It seemed he had had enough of me and my indecision. He was picking up his hat.

"It might be difficult," he agreed. "Do as you please. Drop it or not. It's all one to me."

"Oh, I'll go ahead," I said. "But I don't see how——"

"Try Gloria, I've an idea not much gets by that young lady. Only be careful. There's more to her than appears on the surface."

"You're an optimist," I said. "She's got lots of surface. And anyway, if you had to listen to her brand of conversation for a while you wouldn't think she was so smart! What's the matter with everybody? You all talk as though she had the number one brain in the country. She must be a grand little salesman—everybody falls for her, from her grandfather on down. What's she got that I haven't? Tell me that!"

"Thirty pounds and a half interest in a machine works!"

He grinned, waved his hand, and was gone.

My mouth was still open when he stuck his head back in to tell me gravely to be careful.

As soon as he had gone, I explained what had happened to Myra, and she willingly gave me permission to go and see Marilyn's mother at once.

I CALLED a taxi—Western Avenue is a long way from the library. It was nearly five o'clock and already dusk lay deeply in the streets. The section into which we drove was not particularly prepossessing. With each block, the neighborhood grew shabbier and more dilapidated.

I decided to hold the car. The driver didn't like it, especially when I asked him to let me out a block beyond my destination. He said, "What's the big idea? How do I know you'll come back? My time's worth money, lady."

"Listen," I said. "I'm going to 1104 Western Avenue and I won't be long. If I'm more than half an hour, you come and get me. Do you understand?"

He was young, not more than twenty-three or four. He looked at the neighborhood and then at me. His grin flashed whitely. He said, "So that's the way it is. Okay, lady. I'll take a chance."

I felt better, walking that block. The taxi-driver was my backstop against danger.

No. 1104 was a huge old place with a great circling porch. I went up the paintless steps and pressed the bell. A hand-printed sign above read "Rooms."

Mrs. Frank was small and drab and shabby. Only her eyes reminded me of Marilyn. They were little pig eyes, light and inordinately aware.

I couldn't tell whether she was glad to see me or not. She accepted my presence, that was about all, and invited me into what she designated as "the parlor." She sat on the edge of her chair and watched the clock while we talked.

It was hard to coax her into conversation, but once she decided to talk there was no stopping her. Her voice was a nasal, penetrating whine, her grammar atrocious. I understood now why we had never known anything of Marilyn's family.

She was sure glad, she told me, to know Marilyn was all right. She sure appreciated my coming. It was sure nice of me. Marilyn'd talked about me a lot. (I'd bet she had.) She'd thought it kinda funny that nobody from the library'd come before. I was the one who'd found the body, wasn't I? And I'd lived with Janet Metcalfe?

My, that was sure awful. The police were crazy. Did I know they thought Marilyn'd had something to do with it all? Not twenty minutes after the body was found, they came tearing out to the house looking for her. Not that she blamed them much. The way Marilyn'd run off had sure looked queer.

I stemmed the tide of her loquacity as best I could, and began carefully to probe, but, if she had any inside information about what Marilyn knew or suspected, I certainly didn't get it. Marilyn never talked about the library or its affairs, she said reprovingly. Marilyn was awful close-mouthed some ways. Herself, she didn't think Marilyn knew anything.

If the policeman upstairs—oh, yes, there was a policeman. He thought she didn't know he was there, but she did. She bet if I'd look out into the hall right now he'd be there, craning his neck trying to see into the parlor. If he hadn't been able to find out anything with all the snooping he'd done . . .

Before I left she cried a little. It was sure awful having the police after your girl. Marilyn was a good girl—she'd had a hard time—working her way through library school and all. Mrs. Gardner'd helped some with that—the Mrs. Gardner—put up part of the tuition. She'd got interested in Marilyn through the Y.W.C.A. Marilyn'd been paying her back a little each month. Mrs. Gardner was sure a swell lady.

It wasn't exactly gold, but it was something. A tie-up of sorts with the Gardners. Whether or not it would help . . .

I rose to go at last, my eye on the clock. And got a shock. For Mrs. Frank followed me out to the porch and, once the door was safely closed behind her, changed completely. She put out her hand and caught hold of my arm.

She said, "Say, listen. I couldn't talk to you in there—that flatfoot's always listening. We gotta hurry now, too, or he'll be coming out on one excuse or another. Say, just how good a friend was you of Marilyn's?"

I hedged. I said, "We-ell, I think—I mean, I suppose——"

She was peering at me anxiously out of those light little eyes so like Marilyn's. At my words she nodded as though satisfied. "Yes, I guess you was. —I guess maybe your coming here to see me proves it. If I tell you something will you keep it quiet? You won't tell nobody? The police nor—nor nobody?"

I felt a qualm of conscience.

"*If it's so secret, perhaps you oughtn't to tell me,*" I began gently.

She stopped me. Her face was furrowed.

"No. I guess maybe I gotta take a chance on you anyway. You saw Marilyn and I gotta know. Listen. I'm going to tell you something nobody knows—not even the police. Marilyn's going to have a baby."

My "What?" was shocked out of me. "But who——" I sounded slightly strangled. "Who is the father? Isn't he going to marry her? Why——"

It was the wrong thing to say. I almost silenced her for good and all.

"I ain't saying," she said sullenly. "It's Marilyn's business. If she don't want to make him marry her, she knows what she's doing. He's paying plenty. That's why I wasn't s'prised when she lit out Saturday. She wouldn't want to be mixed up in nothing now. Not with the police poking round."

It seemed reasonable, but I had a queer sinking feeling. Was all the mystery of Marilyn's flight to turn into nothing more than this? Disappointment flattened my voice as I asked, "Then you think that's the only reason she went away? Because of the baby? Did she have any money?"

"That's what I don't know!" she burst out. "That's what I want you to find out. I gotta be sure. If he didn't come across——" She drew a long breath. "Listen—you go to 1919 Granier—that's over south. I got a friend living there—Mis' Hopkins. Marilyn's been staying with her. You ask her. You tell her I said you should. Ask her if she gave Marilyn any money before she went away, and then you come back here and tell me. Will you do that? So I'll know she's all right. And you won't tell nobody? I wouldn't want the lib'ry girls to know."

As I hesitated, the door latch clicked. There was shadowy bulk behind us. A man's voice. "H'ya, Mrs. Frank. Nice night. Guess I'll walk over to the store and get me some smokes."

He lingered a moment, his eyes upon us critically, then he went on his way. Mrs. Frank looked after him and her face was dark. "Smokes, nothing! He just had to get a look at you. You better go before he comes back."

Please turn to page 26

It'll open your eyes

when you find out what tests have proved

Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in *just one week* Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . *in just one week they look far brighter.*

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

Pt.2.26

Pt.21.37

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723786

Murder's So Permanent

OBVIOUSLY, she was growing nervous, and was anxious for me to be gone. I said: "I'll go, and please don't worry. I'm sure it'll be all right. I promise I'll find out all I can and let you know to-morrow."

"Don't you go telephoning," she warned. "I bet they got my wires tapped.'

I bet they had, too, I thought, as I walked back along the block to where my cab was waiting. Its lights were on. I think the driver was actually on the point of starting off when he saw me. He threw open the door. He said, "Lady, you had me scared. I'd begun to think maybe you'd stood me up. Where do we go now?"

I got in. "Do you know where 1919 Granier is?" I asked. I kept my voice low enough so that no lurking bystander could hear.

"Sure. But it'll cost you money, lady. It's clear across town."

"I know," I said. "That's all right. Take me there."

Number 1919 Granier was worse, if possible, than Western Avenue had been. I had the driver take me past the house so that I could look at it. It was low and mean, with a lawn sunken a foot below street level.

There was no bell at Number 1919. I bruised my knuckles on hard wood for what seemed an eternity before the door opened and a tall, grim woman, thin to emaciation, confronted me. She said, "Well? What do you want?"

"Mrs. Hopkins?" I asked and then, when she had grudgingly agreed, "Then may I please come in? I've a message for you. From Mrs. Frank Marilyn's mother."

She didn't want to believe me. That was evident from the start. It didn't make any difference what I said—her eyes stayed cold and suspicious, her lips pinched and rigidly inflexible.

It was my knowing about the baby that softened her finally. I'd saved that bit of knowledge for the last and it proved a trump card. Before that she had been adamant. She wouldn't even admit knowing Mrs. Frank. But after that she relented.

"I guess maybe you're all right and who you say you are," she said reluctantly, "since you know about that. Lucy Frank ain't telling that story to everybody. She ain't proud of it but I says to her what can you expect when you go educating a girl better than her raising? Not that I'm saying Marilyn ain't been a fool. She got flying too high.

"Many's the time I says to her, the sooner she come down to earth and found out that just common geese ain't got no business hankering after swans, the better. He'll never marry you, I says; that sort never do. They stick with their own kind but Marilyn was Miss Know-It-All. Maybe not, she says, but with what I've got on that bird he's going to sweat plenty before I've done with him!"

I was nearly breathless now. I said carefully, "Who is the man? Do you know?"

She pursed her lips. "Not by her say so, no, but I got my own notions. I ain't a fool even if Lucy Frank is. Not that Marilyn ever let me get a good look at him. Why, even last night . . ." She stopped and her look was doubtful. "Maybe I'd be smarter to keep my big mouth shut."

"No, please," I said. "Last night's what I—what her mother wants to know about. She's worried sick about Marilyn—whether she got the money or not. And how much it was."

"Oh, she got it," Mrs. Hopkins said shortly. "First thing she did Saturday when she got here was to shut herself up in the hall with the telephone, and what she told that feilow was plenty. She said she'd leave town and never tell nothing she knew about him if he'd get her the money, and he musta said he would, for last night he come with it."

I was almost afraid to ask the next question, afraid I'd spoil everything. "Did you see the man?"

"Yes, I did, but it wasn't because Marilyn wanted me to. I had to sneak it. I tiptoed and had a look through the keyhole. I'd heard so much about him, I just had to see. And who'd you suppose he was?" She leaned forward, her voice dropping impressively.

Continued from page 25

"Tall fellow, lots of curly yellow hair, blue eyes—nice-looking. One of them Gardners!"

Andy! There was only one of the Gardners who answered to that description. But—Andy! I couldn't believe it—I wouldn't.

Mrs. Hopkins was sailing triumphantly forward. "His name ain't Gardner though. Seems like he's a grandson of the old man's. He's got a funny name, hard to remember. But it was him all right. I seen his picture lots of times in the papers."

She was looking at me expectantly. My voice was a croak, but I managed to ask the question she waited for. "Could you—hear what they said?"

"Some of it. 'Course it was a minute or two before I got there, but—they wasn't talking lovey-dovey. It was all business. He was talking about her going away. He said he'd see about a car, and she said he needn't bother, that she'd do it herself because she didn't trust him no farther'n she could see him.

"That made him sore, and he said what he hoped was she never would see him again, and then she laughed and held out her hand, and she says he knew the answer to that one, and then he give her the money. Know how much it was? Five thousand dollars! Marilyn come out in the kitchen afterwards and showed me. What do you think of that?"

I couldn't tell her. I didn't have the words.

I don't know yet how I managed to get away from that place, I felt so sick and dazed.

I turned the wrong way to get to the cab, and then had to retrace my footsteps. But that didn't matter. Nothing mattered nor could, the while the bottom was dropping completely out of my universe and I was falling, falling into dreadful depths of horror and despair.

All the way back to town I huddled among the musty cushions of the cab's interior and tried to think. What was I going to do now? What was there to do? Take this story to Lieutenant Worrall—well, hardly. This had nothing to do with Janet's murder. This was something that affected only Andy and me. And Marilyn.

Besides, if Richard Worrall did learn of it, he wouldn't be satisfied with just my story. He'd want more. He'd keep right on digging until he had sufficient proof——

Proof! That word hit me like a thunderbolt. Of course, he'd want proof! Why shouldn't he? Any sensible person would. How, otherwise, would he or I or anyone know the story false or true? When you came right down to it, I'd only Mrs. Hopkins' word for it, and how did I know what that was worth? It could be no more than malicious gossip on her part, even a chance to get even for a remembered slight.

There were only two people who knew the whole truth, Marilyn and Andy.

Andy! What a fool I'd been! I'd ask him. What on earth had I been thinking of? I had no right to make up my mind until I'd talked to him, listened to his story. No man should be condemned unheard. It wasn't fair. Everyone had a right to explain. Andy should have his chance. I'd give it to him tonight.

I was almost happy again as I paid off my taxi and ran up the foot-hollowed steps of the library.

It was difficult for me to face Myra when I got inside. She besieged me with questions. She wanted to know what I'd found out.

I told her as little as I could. It was good practice for my impending interview with Lieutenant Worrall. I described the house—that was safe enough. I told of the policeman in the hall. I attempted Mrs. Frank.

"She's—well, common, I suppose, is the best word for her. It's a hopeless background. It makes you feel sorry for Marilyn—it makes you think you understand her better."

I BROKE off, groping for words. After a moment I went on, "The mother told me that Mrs. Gardner had helped Marilyn take her library work. Did you know that?"

"Oh, yes, I believe I did," Myra said. "She didn't make any secret of it. It was just after the accident at the plant. I imagine the Gardners felt responsible."

"What accident?" I asked avidly.

But Myra was vague about it. It had been a long time ago, six or seven years. A lot of heavy machinery was being hoisted into place and it broke loose somehow and several men were hurt. Marilyn's father was so badly crushed that he died.

Of course, Gardner's had carried compensation insurance — Myra thought that had gone to clear the home—and Elsa Gardner had interested herself in the girl. She'd been the one who'd suggested library training. When Marilyn was through she used her influence with the board to get her into the Edgewater library.

"It's probably no more than another red herring," I said, "but I wonder if Lieutenant Worrall knows about the accident. I wonder if Marilyn could possibly have had anything to do with the trouble they've had down at the plant. If she'd wanted to avenge her father's death——"

"Oh, Linda! How could she? What connection did she have with the plant? This thing's simply gone to your head!"

I didn't answer that. I couldn't.

It was necessary to go back to the desk shortly after that, and I stayed there until Myra came and sent me to the office, where she had provided coffee and sandwiches.

I went draggingly. I wasn't in the mood for eating. I felt depressed and afraid. The confidence I'd had, that Andy would be able to explain everything to my satisfaction, was beginning to trickle away at the edges. What if Andy couldn't explain—worse than that, wouldn't? What was I going to do then?

To be continued

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.
P.35.4.81

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723787

I HATE Cocktail Parties!

. . . nobody pays the slightest attention to you.

By PAUL GALLICO
noted American writer

● *FAIR WARNING: If you are an addict and lover of that most dreadful of modern social conventions, that waster of time and destroyer of health, appetite, and moral fibre, that poor relation's debut known generically as the "Cocktail Party," then skip this essay.*

But should you be numbered among those who look upon the cocktail party as a species of refined torture; if you break into a cold sweat when the cooing voice on the other end of the telephone begins with "We're giving a little cocktail party;" then come over and sit by my side, because we have much to say to each other.

—THE AUTHOR.

I HATE cocktail parties! I'm out to get them! I have attended them of my own volition, out of weakness and curiosity, I have gone to them because of social pressure, and for business reasons, and I hereby proclaim my emancipation. I will go to no more.

To be invited to one is an insult, and to be present is a bore. I must have attended more than a hundred in my lifetime and cannot once remember having had a good time.

Let it be made clear at the outset that I am not against the warmth and hospitality of the cocktail hour or the gathering of a few friends for drinks before dinner.

I am loading the literary cannon with grape, canister, and the scrap metal of righteous indignation only against that Thing or Racket which has come to be known as the cocktail "party."

And, for further clarification, I am referring to that planned and staged shindy given for some sinister purpose and involving from fifty to a hundred human beings crammed into a smoke-filled enclosure meant to hold twenty with comfort and dignity, called together between the hours of five and seven in the late afternoon, and at which refreshments are limited to Martinis and Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, and Scotch when there is any, and trays of utterly revolting assortments of swill which pass under the name of canapes, and about which I shall have more to say later.

Social racket

THE cocktail party is a social racket pure and simple.

It is the refuge of hostesses with minor social debts to be discharged, ladies with nothing better to do, people stuck with poor relations or visiting firemen whom they want to impress at minimum cost, book publishers, and advertising promotion men with little imagination, and movie and theatrical press agents with even less.

I have written that to be asked to a cocktail party is an insult, and I hold to the thesis.

For when you get one of those invitations in the mail, or it comes treacled at you out of the telephone, it means but one of two things:

The hostess wants you for window dressing and has no shame about making use of you and your constitution to further her shady ends, or you are not sufficiently important or high up on her list to be asked to dinner or a smaller gathering of intimate friends.

When the little lady gets that look in her eyes and says to her husband, "Dear, we ought to entertain more. There are so many people we ought to do something about.

"But most of them are such bores. Oh, I know what we'll do. We'll give a cocktail party and get rid of them ALL that way!"

I have a peculiar theory that the only reason the cocktail party is able to flourish is that, to date, no man has been able to invent a successful lie concocted on the spur of the moment to cover his activities between the hours of 5 and 7 p.m. when the cocktail party flourishes.

I have not yet been able to figure out what it is about the character of the cocktail party that makes the hostess organising one so cloying and undefeatable.

She simply refuses to be brushed off. You MUST come or the whole thing will be a dismal failure, because it is really YOU who will make the party.

You finally fall, picturing yourself as THE celebrity upon whom the success of the brawl depends and visualising the hostess presenting you to the assembled multitude as the Man of the Hour.

When you get there, nobody pays the slightest attention to you, nobody knows you have arrived, and nobody cares.

The hostess gives you a limp hand and a glassy look, as if she were trying to remember where she had encountered you before, murmurs, "So glad you could come. Have you met Mrs. Umph?", steers you over to some broad-beamed battle-axe and abandons you.

The deadly danger of the cocktail party lies not in the cocktail but in the canape.

Nobody ever got into greater difficulties from imbibing Martinis, Old-Fashioneds, or Manhattans than to punch his best friend in the nose, or find that he has made a proposal of marriage in front of witnesses; whereas the wear and tear on the digestive system caused by those nasty little concoctions is simply incalculable.

. . . and before you know it you are insulting the guest of honor.

I soon learned to leave canapes severely alone when it became obvious that there are but three major foundations for the various smears, pastes, mucks, or goos that appear on toast, crackers, or small slivers of disconsolate bread, these being cold cream, glue, and hand lotion.

These are used either singly or in combination, or laced with bird seed, cadmium green, rose madder, sawdust, or lawn grass.

I have been exposed to the weary bit of salmon turned from pink to deep rouge with fatigue; the disillusioned sardine that has curled itself around its only friend, a lonely caper, and retired from the world; the antique greying slice of hard-boiled egg used as a display platform for three unhappy sardine eggs masquerading as caviare, and the bit of smoked herring aged to the color, consistency, and taste of a piece of harness leather.

All these more or less revolting items are bedded upon a type of cracker apparently designed especially for cocktail parties and designed to disintegrate at the first bite and scatter the remainder over your lap or on to the floor.

The remedy for this is to stuff the whole thing into your mouth at once. And that is the moment which the hostess usually picks to introduce you to the one good number at the party.

Or you can avoid the cracker altogether by confining yourself to the Thing at the End of a Toothpick, a highly popular feature of the cocktail tray and which can be negotiated without courting disaster, except that you then find yourself stuck with the toothpick and out of range of an ashtray—there are never enough ashtrays about—and there is something frightening and faintly vulgar about standing around holding a couple of nude toothpicks in your fingers as though you had just picked your teeth or were contemplating the act.

The Thing on the End of the Toothpick varies from a small sausage gone cold and introspective to whatever horror emerges from the febrile mind of the hostess, and ranges from a chocolate cream or a slice of pickle wrapped in a piece of salami to a large olive stuffed with melted cheese, peanut butter, petroleum jelly, mashed sardine, banana pulp, ski wax, liverwurst, or anything else that happens to be lying around the house, and presented in an overcoat of limp and greasy bacon.

The more outrageous the things that are impaled on the end of the toothpick, the greater the kudos that falls to the hostess and the sicker you will be the next day if you have been sucker enough to go for them. Recipes for these atrocities are exchanged by the female members of these five-to-seven brawls and are thus ensured a nation-wide distribution.

I have no particular complaint to make about the drinks that are served, except to point out that the greatest danger you run is from the inconsistent hostess who never mixes the same proportion twice.

The first Martini or two that comes up is an obvious sissy, and so you feel safe in tossing it off.

But for the next round the hostess has forgotten the recipe and dumped in the entire gin bottle, and, whango! before you know it you are roaring drunk, and insulting the guest of honor.

As a social function the cocktail party is an absolute washout and completely fails of its purpose, which is to promote good feeling and exchange of ideas and telephone numbers, or to enable one to meet new people.

Hostile groups

FOR the first thing that happens at a cocktail party is that the people who know each other immediately gravitate toward one another in self-defence and form tight, impenetrable little corporations in corners which present nothing but hostile backs to the outside world.

If there is a main celebrity for whom the jamboree has been cooked up, the hostess will eventually pilot you to him and permit you to enjoy a squeeze of a cold and disinterested flipper and absorb a glare from him.

If by some miracle a spark of interest develops, down sweeps the wary hostess—"You wicked (boy, girl)! I can't let you monopolise Mr. Big Shot. There are ever so many people simply dying to meet him.

"Now come along. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Oldbore over here."

The only refuge at the cocktail party is liquor, as indicated by the bitter remark overheard at one recently when the Martinis were passed for the third time and a slightly fuzzy gentleman remarked, "Yes, thank you, I'll have another. I can still hear what people are saying . . ."

What's that? You're giving a little cocktail party Thursday? Well, now, really, I . . . Well, you see, we're—I mean, I'm trying to finish a—I haven't been at all well in the last week—we're having some people from out of town . . . I mean, I'd like to, but—My wife isn't home right now and I haven't got my engagement book—I . . . We . . . Oh, all right. We'd just LOVE to come!

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723788

VAN JOHNSON, who is still one of Hollywood's eligible bachelors, frequently takes skating star Sonja Henie out to dinner and dances. Nat Dallinger snapped the popular Van and Sonja when they arrived to dine at the Brown Derby in Hollywood.

Pies and socks for Van Johnson

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Van Johnson may get sighs from the bobbysockers, but from matrons he gets floods of pies, socks, and books.

TANNED and freckled, Van grinned amiably as he told me this week that he is worried about having to go bare-footed in his next film, "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," in which he plays a hillbilly.

"I am afraid my motherly fans will deplore my shoeless state and start sending me packages of old shoes," said Van.

He is taking harmonica and guitar lessons for the role of the mountain boy who patches up a feud between two warring families when he falls in love with a girl from the rival clan.

In private life Van does not admit any serious romance, though he still has dates with scintillating Sonja Henie and cute starlet Audrey Totter.

Van's best friends are June Allyson and her husband, Dick Powell.

June and Van, currently working on the film "High Barbaree," first met when they both got their breaks on Broadway.

After haunting agents' offices for many weeks they got jobs at adjoining theatres and then, coincidentally, both came to Hollywood, signed Metro contracts, and appeared in their first film together, "Two Girls and a Sailor."

Van watches June's progress with a fatherly eye, and told me he is delighted that she is cast in "Green Dolphin Street."

Much of the action of this story takes place in New Zealand.

It is the tale of two sisters in love with the one man.

Lana Turner plays the glamorous sister, June plays the plain one whom the hero marries by mistake when he gets their names confused, and writes from New Zealand asking Marianne to marry him instead of Marguerite.

The girl from a small town in the Channel Islands becomes a New Zealand pioneer.

Van Johnson himself has a keen desire to travel and wants to visit Australia, New Zealand, and England.

It is likely that Metro may send him to England next year for a film in their British studio, and Van is prodding them to do so.

Van said: "Although I get great pleasure from outdoor life, I think my happiest moments are spent in the projection-room watching movies.

"Three or four evenings a week, after a day's shooting, I hurry home to the Belair Hotel, where I live, eat a quick dinner, and hurry back to the studio and see one or two films.

"I am particularly interested in old-time movies, though I see all the latest ones, too.

"I am working with a new director, and during the daytime I like viewing his work in other films.

"For instance, before I started on the film 'High Barbaree,' which Jack Conway is directing, I saw as many of his films as possible in order to get an idea of his technique and familiarise myself with his methods of directing.

"I found it helped greatly when Jack and I got down to work together."

Getting back to his gifts from fans, Van revealed that they sent him numerous copies of Nordhoff and Hall books when they heard he was playing a role in the authors' picture, "High Barbaree."

Van loaded the books into his car and turned them over to the Veteran Hospital.

Due to the shortage of new shoes, which until recently were rationed here, Van does not expect a shower of new footwear, despite his barefoot plight, but if fans send him enough boots he will undoubtedly turn them over to charity.

LONDON GOSSIP

FOLLOWING Jimmy Mason's lead as a gossip columnist, British stars are getting on much more personal terms with their fans these days. David Niven is the latest to have a column of his own from Hollywood, through which he chats in a charmingly whimsical style, reminiscent of his acting, to three million readers of Britain's "Daily Express."

Gainsborough star Jean Kent now has the highest fan-mail of any British star, because she started her own fan club magazine and writes all sorts of chatty stories about her job, answers queries, and sends photographs to those who ask for them.

Since the burden of stardom is becoming heavy for her these days, with personal appearances, social and film engagements, her studio wanted to relieve Jean of the job. But she firmly declined. "I haven't the slightest intention of getting upstage and giving up personal contact with fans who put me where I am," she said.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ COURAGE OF LASSIE

PREPARED for dog lovers and children, MGM's latest story written for collie dog star Lassie is made on the usual pattern. Lassie is lost, shot at, run over, made a victim of war neurosis, and finally reprieved from death sentence after becoming an alleged "killer."

To offset all these apparent unpleasant happenings to a beautiful and intelligent dog there is the friendship of young Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan, and Tom Drake, all of whom have a hand in watching over the interests of Lassie (known in this film as Bill).

Elizabeth and Frank Morgan adopt Bill when he is a puppy, and Tom Drake is the soldier with whom the dog works in the South Pacific war zone. Lassie's admirers will love the picture.—St. James; showing.

★★ TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON

FOR its musical set at the turn of the century, MGM have collected plenty of talent. There is cute soprano Kathryn Grayson, mellow tenor Lauritz Melchior, energetic comedian Jimmy Durante, and wistful June Allyson. The romantic angle is provided by Peter Lawford, who is improving rapidly in each picture.

Kathryn and June are the sisters from a staid Boston family who come to New York. Kathryn's success in a Bowery theatre gives her family a fit of Edwardian megrims, but she eventually makes the grade at the Metropolitan to the satisfaction of all concerned, including Jimmy Durante, who is the pianist fairy-godfather from the Bowery theatre.

Melchior is a temperamental singer.

June Allyson is the enthusiastic admirer of her sister's singing ability.

Settings are lavish, and the sure hand of master-comedian Durante carries the comedy along.—Liberty; showing.

★★ MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

ANY resemblance between this film and the original novel by Booth Tarkington is purely coincidental. Paramount has starred Bob Hope in a crazy, rollicking yarn about a French barber who poses as a nobleman.

In the role of the Duke he goes to Spain to meet the Duke's fiancee and from then on the plot dissolves into slapstick farce, in which everything is sacrificed to gain audience laughter. That occasionally the laughter only becomes faint giggles is due to the overplaying of various sequences.

Hope, of course, is his usual self, with raised eyebrows, double-take look, and slick routines. Lovely blonde Joan Caulfield is the maid who pines for better things matrimonially than Barber Hope, whom she eventually gets. Final shot is amusing.

Patric Knowles and Marjorie Reynolds play the nobleman and his Spanish fiancee well enough, and Cecil Kellaway has a comedy role. Settings are expensive, and there are a few songs to add to the mad pace set by Master Hope.

P.S.: The absence of Bing Crosby is regrettable. — Prince Edward; showing.

★★ HER KIND OF MAN

PROHIBITION days in America are brought back to mind by Warners' drama of a Broadway gambler and the girl who loves him.

Zachary Scott is Steve Maddux, the tough guy. Scott does this sort of role very slickly. Janis Paige is the girl who loves Steve in spite of his shortcomings, and likeable Dane Clark has a sympathetic role as a journalist who is interested in Miss Paige. Told in flash-back style, the film is fairly interesting, and Miss Paige sings three former pop tunes with appeal.—Empire; showing.

★★ SAN ANTONIO

ONCE again Errol Flynn is the brave hero who makes mincemeat of all his enemies, wins the beautiful heroine, and generally is cleverer than anyone else.

Warners have used technicolor for the period Western which thunders through the adventures of honest Clay Hardin (Flynn), who more or less single-handed cleans up a gang of "baddies" headed by Paul Kelly. Lovely Alexis Smith doesn't have to act; she just wears the period frocks and curls — walks into the picture and hey presto for romance. S. Z. Sakall and Victor Francen do well enough with their assignments, but no one except the handsome, heroic Mr. Flynn has much chance. —Plaza; showing.

★ BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD

AUSTRALIA'S lack of knowledge of American radio comedian Tom Breneman will detract somewhat from this United Artists release.

Breneman plays himself in a story of a day in his life, and he keeps the comedy pace going smartly.

Songs by new crooner Andy Russell and Spike Jones' band are musical highlights, as Jones' band is rapidly becoming popular in this country.

Bonita Granville and Edward Ryan have charge of the slender romantic angle, and those two grand troupers Zazu Pitts and Beulah Bondi help things along. There are also Billie Burke and columnist Hedda Hopper. —Civic; showing.

★ SHE WOLF OF LONDON

WITH a plot which dithers between being a horror film and a thriller, Universal's turn-of-the-century drama is not very entertaining.

June Lockhart is the unfortunate damsel who believes that she has committed a series of werewolf-type murders because of a curse on her family.

So many clues are handed out that scarcely anyone in the audience will have the same belief as the heroine. Don Porter makes a heavy lawyer hero, who helps find the real killer.

There are plenty of police about, and some other minor characters who don't matter much.—Lyric; showing.

★ PERILOUS HOLIDAY

A MIXTURE of comedy and drama, with accent on the humor, makes Columbia's thriller acceptable enough.

Pat O'Brien, who has a certain following for his type of glib-talking, hard-fisted roles, goes through his routine again, this time as a secret agent who goes to Mexico City in search of a counterfeit gang headed by Alan Hale and Edgar Buchanan.

At the same time Ruth Warrick arrives to seek revenge for the murder of her father.

She and O'Brien are at cross purposes till the right time, when they get the gang and each other. Miss Warrick is definitely good screen material.—Capitol; showing.

PETE SMITH reports that his next short will deal with the subject "I Love My Husband, But," and will delve humorously into the pitfalls of married life.

* * *

THE dark, curly-headed guest star from Hollywood, William Eythe, says he stammered his way to stardom.

"I asked a Carnegie College professor to rid me of a nervous stammer.

"He advised me to take up amateur dramatics.

"I played a hundred and fifty parts without fluffing a line before realising I was not only cured, but I was also having fun as an actor."

BREAKFAST FOR TWO. Singer Dinah Shore and her husband, George Montgomery, breakfast on the porch of their new home, which has a large orchard and garden in which they work during week-ends.

IRONING at the last minute makes Gene Tierney's frock free from creases as she prepares for a scene in the Fox adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel, "The Razor's Edge," in which she stars.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723789

● *IDA LUPINO began her film work in England in 1930, when she was thirteen. She has been in Hollywood for ten years, and has played dozens of roles, most of them being dramatic. After the completion of "Devotion" for Warners, she played opposite Errol Flynn in a remake of "Escape Me Never."*

● *GLENN FORD, whose tousled hair and lopsided grin made such appeal to bobby-sockers they made him their "Man of the Year" for 1946. Happily married to Eleanor Powell, Glenn is starring for Columbia in "Gallant Journey," a story of John Montgomery, inventor of the glider plane.*

● *HELMUT DANTINE, Austrian actor, who was once a member of the Austrian consulate staff in London. His film career has brought him mostly unsympathetic roles, but he has built up a good following by his capable work. He will be seen next in "Shadow of a Woman" for Warners. He has hazel eyes and dark hair, and was formerly married to stage actress Gwen Anderson.*

● *EVELYN KEYES, vivacious young Columbia star, has had nearly six years of film work and now has reached stardom. Her biggest role to date is that of Al Jolson's wife in the biography of the black-face comedian, in which Larry Parks plays the title role. First a blonde, but now a redhead, Evelyn has been married three times. Recently she eloped to Las Vegas with film writer John Huston, son of the well-known actor, Walter Huston.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723790

Tek

THE Johnson & Johnson TOOTHBRUSH

★ HAS THESE 3 ADVANTAGES

- *Professionally Shaped.* Small, compact, professionally shaped Tek, really fits into those inside hard-to-reach curves.
- *Better Bristles.* Because its strong, springy bristles resist wear, Tek lasts longer.
- *Guaranteed Quality.* Tek is a product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of Surgical Dressings and suppliers to the Dental Profession.

YOUR TEETH DESERVE THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

A product of Johnson & Johnson, World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings. And Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Oil, Soap and Cream . . . Modess . . . Meds, etc.

72·45

Oriental drama

1 **WELCOME TO SIAM** for English widow Anna Owens (Irene Dunne) and her son Louis (Richard Lynn) after Anna's engagement as governess to King's many children

2 **ADVICE TO KING** (Rex Harrison) from Anna, who is confused by his alternate moods of barbaric cruelty and desire for progress for his country on English lines.

3 **STRANGE SCHOOL** is established in the King's palace at Bangkok where Anna has to teach the children of the King's many wives to speak English. She also shows them how to wear English crinolines at a Court reception.

4 **NEW FAVORITE** for the King follows the arrival of lovely Tuptim (Linda Darnell), but her reign is short.

"Anna and the King of Siam"

ONE of the most unusual film releases of the year is the Fox version of the real life story of Anna Owens and the King of Siam.

In 1862 Mrs. Owens took the courageous step of accepting the position of governess in the household of the King of Siam.

The story of how she became his adviser, beloved by his wives and children, in spite of racial differences, makes the film outstanding.

The accidental death of her own son made Anna turn towards the King's heir. A lonely boy, he was able to benefit from the English teaching of Mrs. Owens, who stayed in Siam for many years.

5 **QUARREL** between Anna and the King follows his cruelty in killing Tuptim and Anna threatens to leave Siam.

6 **FRIENDLY** young prince (Mickey Roth) tries to comfort Anna after death of Louis, and she stays at Court.

'Flu Epidemic Likely this Year!

Doctors advise avoidance of chills!

WARNING!

These are treacherous days. Sudden weather changes strike the unwary. Chills abound. Infection lurks in every crowd. Conditions are ripe for another epidemic! Guard against Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs and similar dangerous ailments, by always having Larynoids at hand.

LARYNOIDS CONTAIN INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN

Larynoids are powerfully preventive. Containing stimulating expectorants, antiseptics and soothing Anesthesin, they can prevent infection if taken at the first sign of symptoms. Even the most stubborn cold or cough will yield to the curative and healing properties of Larynoids.

KEEP SOME ALWAYS AT HAND

Larynoids come in convenient sized packs suitable for pocket or handbag. Never be without Larynoids—in your home, in your office. And be sure the kiddies have some in their school satchels. Doctors recommend Larynoids.

FAMOUS LARYNOIDS FORMULA

Made strictly according to British Pharmacopoeia Codex requirements, Larynoids contain Anesthesin, Balsam, Ipecac, Menthol, Peppermint, Pine Oil, Oil of Aniseed, Honey, Cinnamon, Iodine and other curative specifics.

Ask at your chemist's for—

Larynoids
Containing ANESTHESIN

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

SOFTER HANDS
the new quick way

for you — the busy woman

Drest
HONEY & GLYCERINE
HAND JELLY

Easy to use—fragrant—readily absorbed leaving no greasy, sticky feeling — softens the hands, prevents chapping and roughness — helps stop chilblains. Obtainable everywhere.

Australian Agents: SALMOND & SPRAGGON (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. All States

DomineX REGD. Coats

THE CHOICE OF EVERY WELL DRESSED WOMAN

AT ALL LEADING STORES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723791

The Attlees at home . . .

● *The long anticipated visit of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, and his wife to Australia should prove a mutually happy one for the Attlees and Australians.*

"BOTH the Prime Minister and his attractive wife are keenly looking forward to their stay in Australia," cables The Australian Women's Weekly correspondent Mary St. Claire, after interviewing the Attlees in their small, cosy flat above No. 10 Downing Street.

"This keen interest, together with the easy friendliness of this charming couple will be quickly recognised and reciprocated by Australians."

For Mrs. Attlee, one of the busiest women in England, the trip will be a welcome break from all the work and worry of being the wife of the leader of a nation and the mother of a family of four growing children.

She insists she isn't coming out to Australia to be "a political wife."

"In the time we are there, I just want to see and learn and digest everything Australian," she says.

"I am ashamed to confess I do not know many Australians. Two charming Australians I have already met are Mrs. Evatt and Mrs. Beasley.

"I have a nephew, Christopher Attlee, living in Melbourne, and an old friend of mine from Wales is now married to an Australian in Brisbane."

Like the rest of the Attlee children, eldest daughter 23-year-old Janet regrets she cannot accompany her parents on the trip. Recently demobbed from the W.A.A.F., Janet has taken a job in the psychology department in a mental hospital.

First British Prime Minister's wife to visit Australia, youthful Mrs. Attlee, who looks little older than Janet, will be an easy guest for Australian hostesses to entertain.

When asked if she was looking forward to any particular kind of food in Australia, she laughed and hinted that any variation from present monotonous English diet would be welcome.

"However, I am especially fond of meringues, cream, and lots of fresh fruit," she added.

As the pictures on this page indicate, the home life of the Attlees is a quiet, simple one.

It is certain that the man who carries the burdens of Britain, and to some degree of the world, draws much of his strength from the fact that his home life is and always has been extremely happy.

Sensibly, Mrs. Attlee has opened only the small flat on the top of Number 10. The other seventeen rooms are dust-sheeted because the size of the residence requires too many servants in the present labor shortage.

Her day begins with a stroll with her husband in St. James' Park, then she returns home to deal personally with a considerable amount of correspondence.

Official functions, making speeches, and entertaining visitors—both eminent and unimportant—make up her crowded day.

Clothes of Mrs. Attlee reflect her gay spirit. They are always well-cut, casual, and youthful.

She is fond of music and loves films, often going to the pictures in the evening when the Prime Minister is busy.

Following in the tradition of the wives of Britain's Prime Ministers, Mrs. Attlee has reigned at Number 10 with poise, and has eased her husband's life with unobtrusive efficiency.

Her chief interests are in her home, but she is also interested in many aspects of British life—has the welfare of women and children at heart.

She is extremely well-informed, and Australian women will find she has a wealth of information to impart on the postwar work of British women.

● *Homemaker for the Prime Minister, Mrs. Attlee relaxes with a book. Color studies on this page were specially taken for The Australian Women's Weekly.*

● *Britain's Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, relaxes from affairs of State and becomes the cheerful family man. Here he is photographed at tea-time in the restful drawing-room of the Attlees' small flat at No. 10 Downing Street.*

● *Completing the family gathering, daughters Janet, 23 years, and Felicity, 19, gather round the tea-table.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723792

Glamorises like a STUDIO PORTRAIT

Erasmic Face Powder
GIVES YOUR SKIN THE NEW "Photo Finish"

The glamour of your loveliest studio portrait . . . yours all day long, now that Erasmic Face Powder contains "Soie Parisienne"—an ingredient demanded by every smart woman of France when she has her very own special powder blended at her *parfumerie*.

With this beauty ingredient, Erasmic gives your skin the new "photo finish," a glorious **matt** smoothness—even in sunshine and under harsh ballroom lights just as before your own mirror. Through "Soie Parisienne," Erasmic brings you what all photographers strive for—a fresh, glowing look that makes you stand out.

And there's no fear of your skin looking shiny in the hottest restaurant now—because Erasmic clings better than ever.

"SOIE PARISIENNE" holds the perfume!

This precious beauty ingredient absorbs and holds Erasmic's perfume for you! When most powders are half used, the fragrance has gone . . . but the haunting sweetness of Erasmic lasts to the very end! And although Erasmic contains "Soie Parisienne," it costs no more. Give your own skin the new "photo finish." Get a box to-day.

E 45 24.

IT'S NEW—IT'S GOT AN AIR STRIP

Greater comfort, quicker healing. In neat blue and red tins; pocket and midget sizes.

HANDYPLAST

HANDYPLAST AIR STRIP SELF ADHESIVE ELASTIC WOUND DRESSING RAPID HEALING

HPL PRODUCT

HERTS PHARMACEUTICALS LIMITED
WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS., ENGLAND

Distributing Agents: Messrs. MARTIN & CO. (Surgical), LTD. Corner of Hunter and Phillip Streets, Sydney.

The World of Fashion
TURNS TO THE NEW
JERSEY APPAREL

★ WONDOFLEX DOES NOT CREASE
★ WONDOFLEX DOES NOT SAG OR PULL
★ AVAILABLE IN A VARIETY OF TEXTURES

"WONDOFLEX" Duo-Texture Jersey

FROM LEADING SALONS IN SUITS AND FROCKS

NO WONDER this startling hair style created such an impression when seen for the first time in Australia—it's unusual, even for a Parisienne.

More about Monique

● The striking-looking girl with the swept-to-one-side hair-do is Monique Stewart—from the fashion stronghold of Lanvin.

By CAROLYN EARLE

ONE of the slimmest of the four visiting French mannequins, on that account, perhaps, she looks taller than the rest.

Typically French in appearance, with the characteristic longish features, she has a mass of tawny hair, liquid brown eyes, and a darkish skin. Disposition charming and friendly.

Special style

INCIDENTALLY, that side-sweeping hair-do was styled specially for her by Rene Garraud, famous Parisian hair stylist, for one of those important evenings out when something extra glamorous and ultra is indicated.

But, explains Monique emphatically in her quite understandable English (such a relief!!), it is really intended for nothing but the most formal occasion—needing the atmosphere created by sweeping skirts and bright lights to carry it off.

It seems that in Paris, afterwards, copies of the style were seen—not with great success, because it is not an easy style to wear, and has such definite limitations.

Still like to try it? Well, all right. It's quite easily achieved, and the hair can be middle parted—side parted—angle parted—or just brushed straight round.

The brushing turns the trick—and the hair—into a smooth, wheeling curve, with never a hair breaking formation, to the opposite side of the head just back of the ear, where it is staunchly anchored with a few well-directed bobby-pins, hidden from view in some miraculous fashion known only to Monique, I'm sure.

In the daytime Monique favors a cream foundation and dry rouge—quite sparing—powdered over thoroughly; while modelling she wears a very thick cream base, definitely dusky in hue, and a cream rouge, plus powder, correspondingly dark, of course—plus eye shadow (blue)—her own eyelashes—and a vivid, well-defined mouth, brush applied. Deep red varnished nails.

Monique, in common with her three compatriots, is her own make-up artist, and after much experience is deft and clever in handling her beauty gear for maximum effectiveness. And she adores experimenting with new lipstick shades.

Not strictly beautiful on a basis of feature perfection, she has the same indefinable quality of style and a certain elegance, that one sees in Lauren Bacall, for instance.

Her long, lithe figure, which seems to flow in one gentle undulation from shoulder to heel, is obviously the perfect one for smart clothes—almost any type of clothes—from the most severely tailored, figure-hugging topcoat to the dramatic sweep of after-dark elegance, right through to the fractional modern swimsuit.

Add to this a flair for contrast worked out on highly individual lines, and, presto—a top-ranking mannequin.

Born in Le Havre, her mother an inveterate traveller, apparently Monique gravitated toward Paris as to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And so it proved to be, for her.

Dance student

RECREATIONS? Pool swimming in the summer—not until well into the season, either; Monique lays no claims to iceberg stamina. Occasional gallops along bridle paths—and, believe it or not, enthusiastic following of wild-pig hunts outside Paris or in the country whenever possible, in a purely spectator role, to cheer on her more actively participating friends.

But her great love is the classic dancing she is studying—purely for her own pleasure, she insists—with Alex Volinin.

Monique is keenly interested in our surfing beaches, and wants to sample them as much as possible during her visit. I feel our beaches will be equally interested in Monique—so let there be no undue withholding of that warming summer sun.

Go out with him? NOT ME!

No girl would go out with him a second time, for his was the unforgivable social error, Halitosis. Yet he, like most people, was quite unaware of his offence. Why risk this humiliation when you can make your breath sweet, fragrant and wholesome simply by rinsing the mouth with LISTERINE Antiseptic night and morning . . . and before social engagements.

LISTERINE
THE safe ANTISEPTIC
— and to brighten teeth use
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

SUPPLIES LIMITED

FORD PILLS
are different

FORD PILLS
are here again

FORD PILLS
contain the concentrated extract of bitter apples and give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

Get Ford Pills in unbreakable tubes . . 2/6 at your nearest chemist or store.

HÆMORRHOIDS
Soothed & Healed

A Richmond (Vic.) lady writes—"I have had three operations for piles and was about to undergo a fourth when I saw your ad. Trying your Suppositories, the pain ceased almost immediately and after three days I found I was getting better."

Get a 1/6 box of
Zam-Buk
SUPPOSITORIES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723793

Spring MEANS PRINTS

Created by

Adelyn
FROCKS SUITS COATS

"FIRST FOR FIT"

SOLD BY LEADING STORES

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him BARKO Condition Powders

BARKO Condition Powders

1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

MENTHOIDS
are back
MENTHOIDS
contain Thionine—the great system cleanser.
MENTHOIDS
for Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney-Bladder Weaknesses and High Blood Pressure.
Month's treatment with Diet Chart, 6/6, or 12-day flask, 3/6, at chemists or stores.

A ROOM TO LIVE IN and entertain friends: The plaid cotton upholstery gives couch, pillows, and chairs that inviting curl-up-with-a-good-book look. The table was designed by an American home decoration expert. Its extension leaves make room for a buffet supper or games. There are drawers for cigarettes, games, and cards. The light coloring of the cotton drapes, painted panels, and wall fireplace add cheerfulness to the room.

USEFUL LITTLE STOOL

THIS small piece of furniture costs so little to produce because its foundations can be just an old wooden box. Its fitted cover is loose, so that it can be whipped off for laundering and then popped back in a couple of minutes!

Choose a solid box, pad its top with layers of cotton wadding, and nail over this a cover of canvas or calico. Don't overpad, but keep as flat-topped as possible because you will want to use the stool as a fireside table as well as a seat.

The style of the loose cover (copied from an ancient Roman stool, incidentally) lends itself to any fabric—even present-day hessian! So don't fuss over that.

Measure over the top of the box from floor to floor and cut a square of material 4in. smaller than this measurement. Centre it over the box, inside out, and mitre the corners with pins; stitch and trim, then turn up the lower edge of the cover 1in. and stitch.

Cut a selvedge strip of fabric three times the measurement all round the stool in length and about 3in. in width. Tack it into 2in. box-pleats, pin under the edge of the cover, try on for fit, then topstitch.

WHY NOT MAKE IT? The attractive stool can be used as a fireside seat in winter-time; will be found most useful in a young girl's room. It need cost nothing to make. Directions given on this page.

YOUR TEA-STAINED TEAPOT can be cleaned with common salt. Apply salt—plenty of it—to the dish-cloth, then rub till clean. Wash and rinse well, of course.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

DON'T throw away an old turkish towel. Cut it up and bind it with tape, and you will have a drainboard mat to protect your dishes.

* * *

DO your ice trays stick in the freezing compartment? If they do, rub oil or grease on the bottom of each tray. Another method is to keep a double thickness of waxed paper the same size as the tray in the compartment.

* * *

DID you know that it's possible to thin down nail polish with a little polish remover?

* * *

IT'S a good idea to dust the crevices in furniture with a paint brush. Of course, it must be one that has not been used for anything else.

* * *

HAVE you ever tried removing greasy marks from the bath by rubbing with a piece of wet flannel dipped in salt?

* * *

LEATHER chairs can be cleaned by rubbing them with a soft cloth dipped in ordinary milk—or better still, in beaten egg-white. When dry, go over them again with a clean soft cloth.

* * *

BEFORE starting to wash garments it's a good idea to dampen very soiled areas such as slip straps or the back of collars and scrub them with thick soap-suds, using a soft brush.

Mother-to-be needs plenty of water

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING pregnancy the free use of water both internally and externally is of the utmost importance, as it helps to get rid of the waste products and keeps the skin in a healthy, active state to assist in this work of elimination.

This as well as other important essentials for good pre-natal health is outlined in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

Ultra Hats
ULTRA
MILLINERY OF DISTINCTION

For Beauty!
"Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

. . THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR

Don't let dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory."

Finger-tip massage with Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent dandruff, falling hair, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists & Stores

A message for the "Over-forties"

If you find that work is becoming a burden and your energy flagging, start taking Phyllosan tablets. Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals . . . but, if taken regularly, what a difference they make. You'll soon begin to feel keener, more vigorous and alive. The revitalizing effect of a course of Phyllosan tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands of men and women over forty owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity)

PHYLLOSAN
fortifies the over-forties

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

The Spotlights on White!

Shu-Milk
SOLD AT ALL STORES
The perfect brilliant white cleanser
WON'T RUB OFF
STEP OUT WITH SHU-MILK—TODAY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723794

Pot Luck

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

NO APOLOGIES NEEDED for this pot-luck dinner . . . minted new potatoes, Brussels sprouts, and carrots bolster a rich and savory main dish of rabbit. See complete dinner menu on this page.

POT-LUCK dinners need never be dull! There are dozens of delicious food combinations — and casseroles have a happy knack of tenderising even the cheapest cuts of meat.

"Come and take pot-luck with us" . . . say it—and mean it!

Pot-luck dishes are easy on both the purse strings and the ration book.

The less frequently used cuts of meat, inexpensive and low in coupon value, tenderised by casserole cooking, extended with vegetables, cereals, pastry, etc., can be made into flavorsome dinner dishes acceptable to family and unexpected guest alike.

Use casserole dishes and cut attention during cooking-time to a minimum. Send the casserole straight from oven to table, so cutting out extra dishes for serving.

Long, slow cooking is essential for meat in casseroles—but overcooking can be ruinous to vegetables. Plan to add the vegetables about 45 minutes before serving time.

Ovenware china and glass casserole dishes will not stand direct contact with flame—the initial browning of meat and thickening (so necessary for richness of flavor and color) must be done in a heavy pan.

The safest oven temperature for china or glass casseroles is between 325 and 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Remember a new casserole needs seasoning before use.

Place dish in large pan of cold water, bring slowly to the boil, allow to cool in the water.

And now for recipes. Some of these pot-luck dishes use fresh meat—others extend and glamorise left-overs.

They are all worth trying—suggestions for using some of the dishes are included in the menus given on this page.

CRUSTED MEAT PIE

Three cups minced cold meat, beef or mutton, 1 dessertspoon fat, 4 slices stale bread (cut into squares), ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup minced onion or shallot, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour, 2 cups brown gravy, ½ cup grated carrot, 1 cup diced cooked potato.

Melt fat in pan, lightly fry bread, browning on both sides. Remove bread, add celery and onions, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add flour, allow to brown, stir in gravy; continue stirring until boiling. Fold in meat, carrot, potato; correct seasoning. Turn into casserole dish, top with fried bread squares. Reheat 30 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Serve hot. For four or five.

POT-LUCK RABBIT

One rabbit, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 pint water or stock, ½ teaspoon herbs, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 onion, 2 carrots, 2 parsnips, 2 sticks celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½lb. shelled peas.

Soak rabbit 1 hour in salted water. Remove tail joint, cut rabbit into pieces. Dry thoroughly, coat with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown lightly in hot fat. Remove, add balance of flour, pepper, and salt; allow to brown. Stir in water, herbs, vinegar, sauce, and tomato puree. Stir until boiling, replace rabbit. Add onion; turn into casserole, cover and simmer 1 hour in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Scrape carrots and parsnips, cut into 4 or 6 pieces, according to size. Add to casserole with chopped celery, parsley, and shelled peas. Cook a further 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with grilled bacon rolls. Serves five or six.

DEVONSHIRE HOT-POT

Six mutton or lamb chops (leg or shoulder), 2 green apples, 1 onion, 4 potatoes, ½ cup chopped celery, ¾ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup milk, 1 cup water, 1½ cups peas, ½ cup grated cheese.

Wash chops, trim, removing fat and gristle. Peel and slice apples, onions, potatoes; chop celery. Place chops in casserole in alternate layers with onions, apples, celery, and potatoes. Season each layer with salt, pepper, and parsley. Pour milk and water over, cover, and bake 1½ hours in moderate oven (325deg. F.). Lift lid, place peas in dish, cover again, and cook a further 30 minutes. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with grated cheese. Serves four to six.

BATTER-TOPPED LAMB PIE

Two pounds lamb chops (leg or shoulder), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon chopped mint, ½ clove garlic, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon barley, 1 large carrot, 1 tomato.

Batter Topping: Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons melted fat, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Trim meat, removing fat, bone, and gristle. Cut into cubes. Roll well in the 1 tablespoon flour, brown in the 1 tablespoon fat. Add balance of flour, brown lightly; stir in water, seasonings (salt and pepper, sauces, garlic, and chopped onion), washed barley. Simmer 1 hour. Add diced carrot and chopped tomato. Simmer 40 minutes longer. Turn into greased casserole, cover with batter crust.

For Batter Crust: Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add melted shortening, milk, and beaten egg mixed together. Mix to a smooth batter. Pour over contents of casserole. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.), 30 to 35 minutes. Serves five or six.

POACHED MEAT BALLS

One pound minced steak, 2 pork sausages, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1½ cups fine white breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon fat, ½ cup tomato puree, ½ teaspoon herbs, 1 cup water or stock, 2 carrots, 1 slice swede turnip.

Remove skins from sausages. Combine sausage meat, minced steak, onion, parsley, salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. Bind with beaten egg and milk. Shape into balls, roll in flour. Brown in hot fat, place in casserole. Add tomato puree, water or stock, and herbs. Cover and bake 10 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.); add sliced carrot, diced swede; continue cooking 40 to 45 minutes. Serve piping hot. Serves five or six.

POT ROAST OF BEEF

Two and a half to three pounds bolar roast (this joint is cut from lower portion of shoulder of beef), 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, pinch cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 stick celery, 1 carrot, piece of swede.

Trim meat, rub thoroughly with flour, mustard, sugar, nutmeg, lemon rind, cinnamon, salt and pepper well mixed together. Melt fat in heavy saucepan, add meat, and brown on all sides. Add onion and stock or water. There should be ½in. of liquid in saucepan. Cover tightly, reduce heat, and cook very gently 2 to 3 hours. Three-quarters of an hour before serving-time, add peeled and diced vegetables to the stock. Serve meat on hot dish, with gravy (thickened slightly if liked) in a sauce-boat. Serves six or seven.

SUGGESTED MENUS

1.	2.	3.	4.
Pot-luck rabbit.	Crusted meat pie.	Light vegetable broth.	Clear tomato soup.
Bacon rolls.	Jacket potatoes.	Poached meat balls.	Batter-topped lamb pie.
Minted new potatoes.	Carrot straws.	Creamed potatoes.	Minted baby squash.
Brussels sprouts.	Shredded cabbage.	French beans.	Green peas.
Green salad.	Casserole of pears and passionfruit.	Compote apples and rhubarb.	Scalloped potatoes.
Hot scones and honey.			

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723795

Pigeons taught doctor about 'Vitamins'

Ever since there has been food there have been vitamins, but their existence was merely guessed at. In 1911 a young doctor experimenting with pigeons discovered that they quickly developed neuritis and became paralysed if fed on rice from which the husk had been polished away. On restoring the husk to their diet, they as quickly recovered. The doctor realised that there was some vital element in the crude cereal that was lost in the "polishing." He called this element "Vitamin," and a new word entered the world that was to have great importance.

Since then, the vitamin found so richly in rice and wheat grain has been labelled Vitamin B1. It is this vitamin which is seriously lacking in modern diet, due to machine methods of "refining." Yet Vitamin B is the key to good appetite and digestion, to bowel regularity and nerve force.

For maximum health of the whole body, it is essential to restore the Vitamin B to your daily food—and this is easily done by taking Bemax with your breakfast cereal or milk.

Bemax is a pleasant, flaky tonic food made from pure wheat embryo. It contains enough Vitamin B1 in a single tablespoonful to make up the daily quota which doctors say we all need, as well as Iron, Phosphorus and Manganese. Bemax strengthens the bowel muscles, puts paid to constipation and "nerves," relieves indigestion.

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores.

Distributors, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 38-40 Chalmers St., Sydney.
A product of Vitamins Limited, London.

ENSIGN TIES THE BEST

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

fortuna cloth

MEAL-IN-A-DISH SALADS for warm days. The attractive platter pictured above features cooked and uncooked vegetables and salad greens with sliced cold meat.

JUST the thing for morning tea! The recipe for these delicious honey and cinnamon rolls wins a cash prize this week. Try them spread with cream cheese or your favorite preserve.

You'll like these . . .

DAINTY PRIZE RECIPES

● First prize in our recipe contest this week goes to a Victorian reader for a delicious uncooked chocolate nut cake. Something different and so easy—Try it!

THE grapefruit mousse and sweet corn and bacon pie would be just the thing for a luncheon party.

Something quick and easy to make for the unexpected guest? Uncooked chocolate cake is the answer. Children love it as a sweet. Cut into small blocks and wrap in cellophane to give it a party finish.

Have you entered your favorite recipes in our weekly competition yet? If not, do so right away . . . but don't forget to write your name and address on each page.

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE NUT CAKE

Quarter pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cocoa, vanilla essence, ½lb. crushed biscuits, ½ cup chopped nuts, pinch salt.

Place butter and sugar in saucepan and bring to boil. Add sifted cocoa, essence, biscuits, nuts, salt, and beaten egg. Pack mixture into greased tin. Press well with a spoon. When quite set turn out. Ice with white or chocolate icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Cut into squares or finger lengths.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Taylor, Main St., Drouin, Vic.

GRAPEFRUIT MOUSSE

Three grapefruit, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup hot water.

Separate white from yolk of egg. Heat milk, stir into egg-yolk and sugar, beaten together. Cook gently till custard begins to thicken. Remove all pulp from grapefruit. Strain juice. This should make about ¾ pint. Add to cold custard. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add to mixture. When beginning to set add stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into wet moulds. When set unmould and garnish with little shredded grapefruit rind. Can also be set and served in grapefruit shells.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. G. Smith, 196 Wilson St., Burnie, Tas.

SWEET CORN AND BACON PIE

Cheese Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. shortening, 2oz. grated cheese, water, squeeze lemon juice.

Filling: One and a half cups cooked sweet corn (or one tin), ½ cup finely chopped bacon, ¾ cup white sauce, pepper and salt to taste.

To Make the Pastry: Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to fairly dry dough with water and lemon juice. Line piedish with half the pastry. Mix all ingredients for filling together. Place in lined pastry shell. Glaze edge of pastry with water. Roll out remaining pastry and place on top. Glaze with milk. Make a couple of incisions in top of pie to allow for escape of steam. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with vegetables in season. May be cooked in small patty tins.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Pearce, 71 Stuart Rd., Warrawong, via Port Kembla, N.S.W.

HONEY AND CINNAMON ROLLS

Half pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 egg, 2-3rds cup milk.

Sift self-raising flour and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar. Combine honey, slightly beaten egg and enough milk (which has been slightly warmed) to make up to ¾ cup liquid. Mix into fairly firm dough, knead slightly. Press or roll out to ½in. thickness, cut with round cutter, fold half over. Glaze with remainder of liquid. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

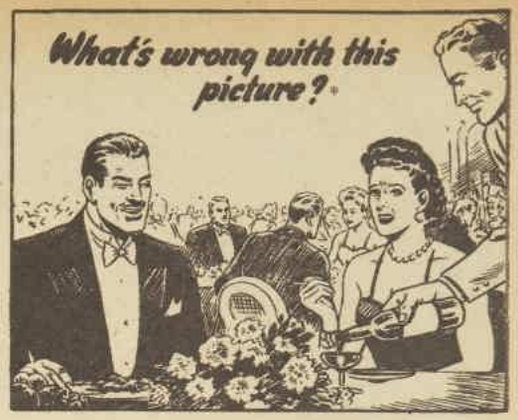
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Allsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

BANANA PANCAKES WITH ORANGE FOAM SAUCE

One cup mashed bananas, 1½ cups flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder. For sauce: ½ cup mashed bananas, ½ cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 stiffly beaten egg-white.

Combine bananas, flour, melted butter, syrup, and stir in beaten egg, milk, and baking powder. Stand for one hour. Fry in hot greased pan, turning to brown. Serve with sauce made by whisking mashed bananas, sugar, orange juice and rind, and egg-white, or serve with lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.



Do you take in everything at a glance? Or do you have consciously to observe any point likely to interest you? Here's a chance to test yourself.

All is gay at this festive board, except that the woman in the foreground has a headache. It's a wonder she doesn't know how speedily Bayer's Aspirin Tablets bring relief. Millions of people throughout the world depend on Bayer's Aspirin Tablets to ease away headaches.

You see, Bayer's Aspirin Tablets begin to dissolve two seconds after you swallow them. That is the secret of their amazing speed in relieving headaches and all nerve and muscular pains. Now you can look at the answer below—if you haven't yet discovered what's wrong with the picture.

*Answer: At table, food should always be served from the diner's left, and wine from the right.

MAKE THIS TEST

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin Tablets act so quickly.

3475A

Insist on BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS

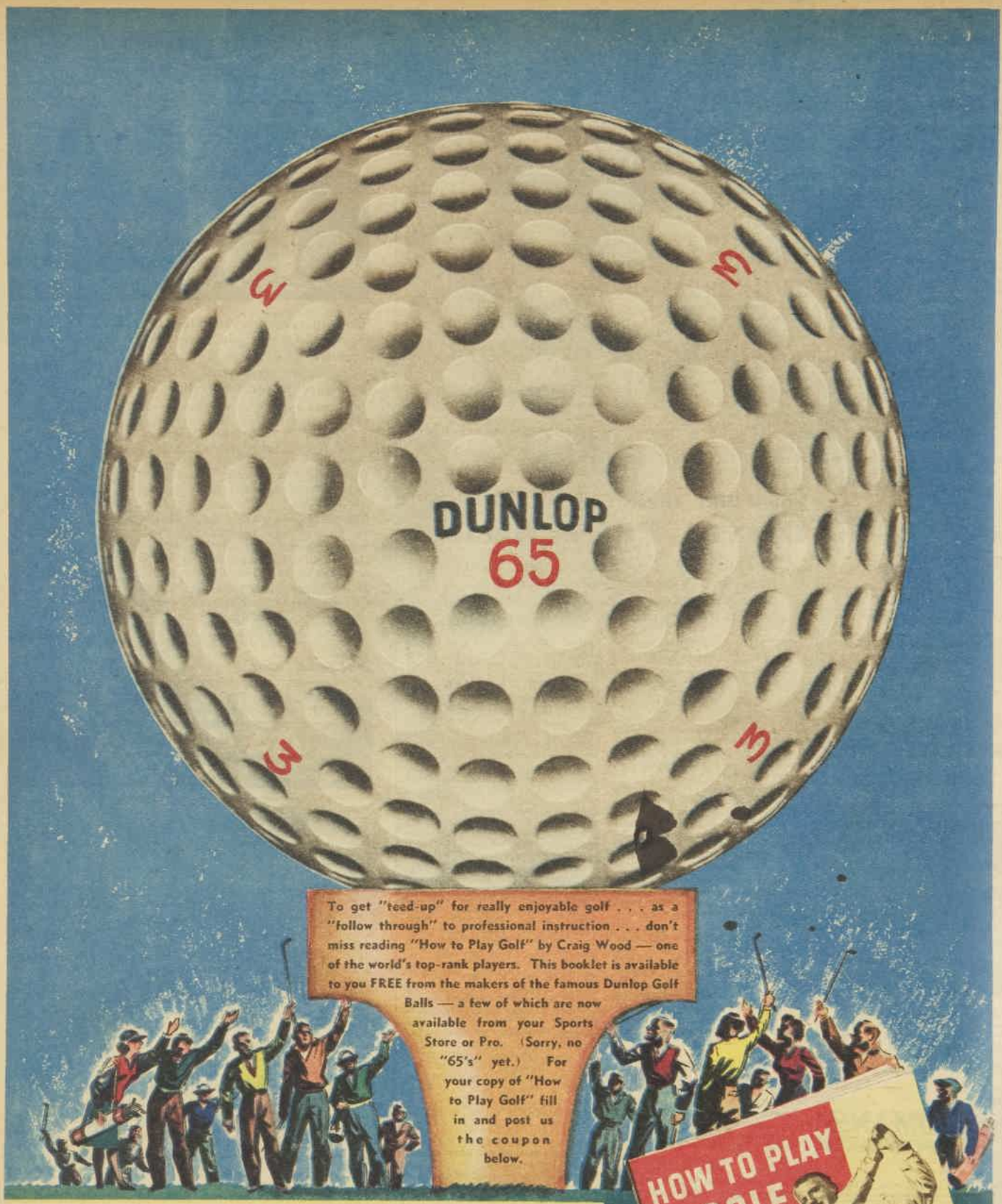
24 for 1/3 100 for 4/-

FISH WITH KEEN'S MUSTARD

The fish in the foreground is a Bream, but any kind of fish is good with mustard. The slim fellow at the bottom is sulking because he prefers mustard sauce. Oh boy! if only he knew what a succulent sauce you can make with KEEN'S MUSTARD, a sauce which stimulates the appetite and brings out that subtle fish flavour.

K 3/126

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723796



To get "teed-up" for really enjoyable golf . . . as a "follow through" to professional instruction . . . don't miss reading "How to Play Golf" by Craig Wood — one of the world's top-rank players. This booklet is available to you FREE from the makers of the famous Dunlop Golf Balls — a few of which are now available from your Sports Store or Pro. (Sorry, no "65's" yet.) For your copy of "How to Play Golf" fill in and post us the coupon below.

DEPT. "C", DUNLOP RUBBER AUST. LTD., BOX 772H, G.P.O., MELB.

Please send a free copy of Craig Wood's Booklet "How to Play Golf"

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INC. IN VIC.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723797